

Rejoice, parents: Because of a weak economy and competition from public colleges, private colleges and universities are announcing some of the smallest tuition increases in years for next fall. That move appears to signal an end to what those in higher education circles call the "Chivas Regal" syndrome — the widely held, though rarely stated, belief among private college officials that, as with fine Scotch, students would gravitate to schools that charged the most.

## Teach your kids

Parents and teachers, take note: A role-playing program helps high school students resist peer pressure to use drugs, tobacco and alcohol, reports the national Centers for Disease Control. The program, called Teen-age Health Teaching Modules, targets the small number of high-risk behavior patterns primarily formed in childhood and associated with

Africanized "killer" bees are expected to cross into Texas from Mexico as soon as next month, officials say. A pioneer swarm of 3,000 bees crossed the border and was caught last fall, just before the beginning of the hibernation season. But next month, as the flowers that provide the pollen bees use for energy begin to bloom, the swarming season will open again.

## Phone home

If you think your local telephone company is slow, you're lucky you don't live in Ghana, where it can take 30 years to get a phone from the government. The Indonesian government gets you one in eight years, but then just one in three local calls gets through, says Jean-Paul Chapon, a senior engineer with the International Finance Corp.

Compiled from wire reports by Knight-Ridder Newspapers reporter Marc Schogol.

## Practical advice on teens, clothes

By Evelyn Petersen  
Knight-Ridder Newspapers

Your reply to the dad who wrote in December complaining about all the clothes his teen-ager wanted was basically useless. You gave us philosophical, not practical advice. You should have told the father exactly how to deal with his teen-ager, instead of suggesting that sometimes public school uniforms are the answer. — B.B., Goshen, N.Y.

☆☆☆

Here is the practical, how-to advice you wanted: Assess your lifestyle to see if you are modeling living beyond your means. Are you telling your kids that a person's image is more important than the person you are inside?

Help kids understand your spending priorities, even if you need to go through the family budget with them one line at a time. Show them that money is limited and insist that they earn

money for the special clothes they want.

Remember who is in control. Parents can say no to unreasonable requests.

Teach your kids to shop for bargains and make use of reputable secondhand and discount stores. Consider teaching them to sew some of their clothes and accessories.

When asked last year by a teen-ager what brand of athletic shoes to buy, Pistons captain Isiah Thomas had a great answer: Fit and comfort are more important than brand names. It is the same with people; clothes don't really make the man or woman. It's who you are that counts, not the labels you wear.

Evelyn Petersen is an educator and consultant on early childhood and parenting education.

with pride. This was long before Alex Haley made "searching for one's roots" popular.

Her national recognition came from the books she wrote. According to her memoirs, the idea for writing books stemmed from a conversation with one of her professors at Columbia University, where she earned her M.A. degree. He noted on one of her writing assignments that he wanted to see her in his office.

She remembered, "When I want to see him, he asked, 'Who are you?' I told him I was a teacher in a one-room city school with 35 pupils and five grades."

He pointed out her literary talent and suggested she try writing. Later that summer she viewed the Schomburg collection of books and materials on the Negro at New York City's Harlem Branch Library. She asked if there were any histories of the Negro for primary children. There being none, the librarian remarked, "That's something for some of you young writers to do."

She later shared these conversations with her supervisor Blanche Fuqua in Terre Haute, who asked, "Why don't you write that book?" Ignoring Shackelford's "I can't," Fuqua suggested she "write just one chapter a month." Shackelford began to write and



Tribune-Star

Shackelford collection: Photos, books and other memorabilia of the late author/teacher Jane Shackelford are on display this month at the library and historical museum.

tested each chapter on her students. She sent her manuscript to the Associated Publishers Inc., in Washington, D.C., in 1934 and received this answer: "During the Depression people do not buy books. For this reason, it is unwise to invest money in them unless it is known there is a great demand."

However, by 1936, the publishers offered Shackelford a contract and in 1937 "A Child's Story of the Negro" became a reality.

By July of the next year, the publisher wrote: "I have heard nothing but praise for your book. You should congratulate yourself on having achieved such a success."

It is necessary to realize how different this book was compared to the stereotyped patterns then in use. Charlemae Rollins, Chicago Public Library librarian, wrote:

"The scene was generally laid on a plantation and the Negroes were a kind of a comic relief. Illustrations were caricatures of Negro children, exaggerated and ugly."

Contrast this to Shackelford's introduction that reads in part: "In this reader, the author has endeavored to supply a long-felt need of both teachers and pupils by putting into the hands of the elementary children an easy, interesting book that will help them to appreciate the traditions, aspirations and achievements of the Negro race."

The book received excellent reviews nationwide. An Indiana Statesman article (Feb. 15, 1939) read: "It is quite significant that this book has been used in both colored and white schools."

With urging from her publisher,

Shackelford did a revision that was published in 1956.

Her second book, "My Happy Days," was published in 1944. This book was an immediate best seller. Reviewers from New England to California praised this Shackelford work, and the Terre Haute community joined them. The Root Store placed a large advertisement in the Jan. 16, 1945, Terre Haute Tribune to announce Jane Dabney Shackelford would be at the store's book balcony on Saturday to personally autograph copies of "My Happy Days." The copy read in part: "A book that will be of interest to every citizen. . . actual photographs of Terre Haute, the community around this story is built, taken by Miss Cecil Vinson of the Cruft School."

See "Shackelford," Page G5

# Hughes chronicles local artist's career

By Liz Ciancone  
Special to The Tribune-Star

The best advice given to writers is, "write about what you know." Long-time writer Frances E. Hughes knows local history. But, she is also a born researcher, so what she doesn't know, she enjoys looking up.

A combination of Hughes' remembered certainty and research has resulted in an article about Terre Haute native Amalia Kussner published in the fall edition of "Traces," the quarterly publication of the Indiana Historical Society.

The article, "Amalia Kussner:

High Priestess of the Daintiest of Arts," is a pared-down version of Hughes' full-length biography of the miniaturist who flourished about the turn of the century.

According to Hughes, Kussner was possessed of a modest artistic talent, but a monumental gift for self-publicity she parlayed into a highly successful career.

Complete as the article seems to the casual reader, Hughes wishes there had been space to include other details of Kussner's life.

For example, the article includes the story — and a picture — of a diamond brooch, a gift to Kussner from the Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) after she had painted him. Information about a second gift, a diamond and emerald necklace, presumably given Kussner after she painted

Edward's wife Alexandria, was not mentioned.

Hughes thinks that story is particularly interesting because Kussner had the diamonds removed from the necklace during World War I and gave them to the English government. The gems were sold and the money was used to care for wounded soldiers. The diamonds were replaced with paste stones, but the emerald remained, and the necklace was later auctioned by Sotheby's in 1981, bringing \$20,000.

Hughes' research took her to the library at St. Mary-of-the-Woods College, which contains scrapbooks and clippings about Kussner's life and career. The Woods also owns a portrait of Kussner and the Edward VII brooch.

Hughes' credo, "If you're going to

write about history, make it right!" was not always easy in her research on Kussner. Some of the "facts" contained in newspaper stories may have been planted by Kussner and may have had little basis in fact.

For example, Kussner told the press she was going to paint Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany. Evidence indicates she used her high-placed contacts in England — including Edward VII who was the Kaiser's cousin — in an attempt to get the commission. Still, there is no clear evidence she ever painted the Kaiser.

Stories about Kussner getting caught in South Africa's Boer War during the period she painted Cecil Rhodes are inconclusive.

See "Hughes," Page G5

## PARTY CITIES

Average annual spending on alcoholic beverages in the 10 hardest drinking cities, per household, in the U.S., 1987-88

Miami	\$546.00
Anchorage	\$531.00
San Diego	\$465.00
Seattle	\$456.00
Boston	\$441.00
Washington, D.C.	\$422.00

## Open eyes solve problem of clogged drain

All that stood between us and moving into our recently renovated, turn-of-the-century home was a clogged drain in the upstairs bathtub. I had used the tub for the past several weeks as a convenient spot to wash up paint brushes, rollers and pans. The water drained a bit slowly but it

### Ain't life grand



Sometimes thoughtful, sometimes amusing, but always down home, Wright's view of life will

container each of Liquid-Plumber and Drano, as well as another plunger. To make sure the drain opener got down into the drain as quickly as possible, I used a section of the plastic hose from the vacuum cleaner. Inserting it into the drain, I poured in one half of the first bottle and waited two hours, just as the instructions said. Nothing happened!

work we had done seemed for nothing. The clogged drain was so minor in comparison to some of the problems we had encountered during the renovation, yet it became the straw that broke the camel's back. I didn't know whether to call a plumber or a real-estate agent.

About that time, my then-5-year-old daughter walked into the

Artists (NV) - Individual artists - Kussner, Amalia



## Focus

### Hughes • Continued from Page G1

"Did she or didn't she?" Hughes wonders. "There's no way to know for certain."

Because of the many uncertainties, the Kussner biography almost ended up as a biographical novel. Still, enough facts can be verified to justify a true biography.

Hughes' main interest is in preserving local history and she has been actively involved in that project most of her life. A third-generation Terre Hautean, she was educated at the King Classical School.

Upon graduation, she embarked on a career in newspaper work.

"I worked on every daily paper in Terre Haute," she said. "I started on the Post and moved to the Star. I used to get pictures for the Sunday Tribune, too."

Her career included 47 years as Women's Editor of the Terre Haute Star, where she recorded the daily history of Terre Haute. Retirement did not end her interest or her efforts to preserve local history. She continued to write a weekly historical column for "The Saturday Spectator" until its demise in 1980.

She was both an interviewer and interviewee for the local oral



AMALIA KUSSNER

history project. Interestingly, she conducted interviews for that project with Kussner's widower, Charles DuPont Coudert, and his nephew, Charles Coudert Nast. In fact, it was Nast who provided Hughes with the picture of Kussner that appears in the "Traces" article.

Hughes has also researched and written a history of Terre Haute First National Bank (unpublished), the Terre Haute Day Nursery (published) and

Chauncey Rose (accepted for publication). Her research also includes Alice Fischer Harcourt, a local girl who became a celebrated New York actress and founder of the 12th Night Club for actresses, as well as information about local theaters.

One wishes Hughes would write some stories of her newspaper days and of the wild and wonderful personalities who were part of Terre Haute's newspaper history.

Certainly all these things — and more — are part of Hughes' knowledge and insight into her life of Terre Haute. And, if she had her way, she would make historians and genealogists of us all.

"When people get into genealogy, they always say, 'I wish I had asked about...' she said. 'Now is history and it's important to preserve it now.'"

She urges parents and grandparents to write down memories for their children and grandchildren.

"It will all be lost if we don't write it down," she said.

Certainly Hughes is doing her part to see that a large part of Terre Haute history is never lost. She has written it down.

### Shackelford • Continued from Page G1

W.E. Garrison, literary editor of "The Christian Century," reviewed "My Happy Days" in the Jan. 3, 1945 issue. He noted what a great contribution it was for "the demolition of the walls of prejudice between Negroes and whites... and it doesn't say one word about the subject."

Garrison continued, "The words of the text are put into the mouth of a boy, and each page of text faces a full-page photograph. The point is — the boy is a Negro boy. His family is a Negro family. His schoolmates and playmates are Negro children. His teacher

and his doctor are Negroes. Only the pictures tell us this; the text says nothing about it."

Years ahead of the civil rights movement of the 1960s, Shackelford was honored with many awards for her teaching, writing, Girl Scout volunteer work, and of course, her insight into the need for her students to know their own story.

She lived in her home at 1157 Hulman St. until she moved to Meadows Manor East in her later years. Notice of her death at Indiana University Medical Center at Indianapolis appeared

Dec. 24, 1979. She was 84 years old. Survivors included a son, Montrose Shackelford of Marion; two sisters in Michigan; a brother in New Jersey; and a nephew. Burial was scheduled to take place in Calvary Cemetery.

The material for this article was taken from the archives of the Vigo County Public Library. The large Shackelford collection there is valuable to researchers. However, it lacks a copy of "My Happy Days." Susan Dehler, archivist, would welcome the gift of this book and of any other materials about Shackelford.

## The art of tipping

### You must know proper etiquette if you want to save your skin

By Dave Barry

To get "first-class" service, you have to know how to tip.

Look at Prince Charles. Everywhere he goes, he gets the "red-carpet treatment," and do you know why? Because he knows how to "take care" of people. The first thing he does, when he lands in a foreign country, is shake hands with the foreign head of state and quietly slip him a couple of folded bills. Likewise, when famous musical artists perform at the White House, they do their very best, because they know that President Bush will slip a crisp new dollar into the jar on the White House piano.

If you would like to have the same kind of "savoir-faire" (literally, "ear size") as these two sophisticated men, you need to follow these Recommended Tipping Guidelines:

**TIPPING IN RESTAURANTS:** The key to successful restaurant tipping is to avoid being in a large group where everybody "chips in" to pay the bill, because you'll always come up \$147 short, and you'll have a huge embarrassing argument with people pulling out pens, paper, calculators, sextants, etc., and saying things like, "Well, my salad DEFINITELY did not have as much shredded carrot as Marge's." Also there will always be somebody who wants to leave a pathetic tip. You know the kind of person I mean. I mean a person who's never satisfied with the service; a person who, if he had a heart attack and the waiter saved his life via emergency open-heart surgery right there on the table, would complain that the waiter used the wrong knife.

Some people are just cheap. I used to go to lunch with a group of newspaper reporters, including one whom I'll call "Bob." When the bill

came,

"Bob," we'd say. "You owe more than that."

"My name isn't 'Bob,'" he'd say. "It's Art."

"We know that," we'd say. "We're changing your name to protect you from embarrassment when this anecdote appears in the newspaper years from now."

So we see that being a bad tipper can come back to haunt you. Also when you die you go to Bad Tipper Hell, where you spend eternity buried up to your neck in hot coals, and every few minutes a devil wearing a cummerbund comes around and says, "Would you care for some FRESH GROUND PEPER? Hahahahahahahahaha."

**TIPPING IN FANCY HOTELS:** At a fancy hotel you should be prepared to tip basically your life savings. The instant you arrive, uniformed men will surround your car and greet you in an aggressive manner while snatching your luggage, which they'll give to other men, who'll give it to OTHER men, until you have been assisted by enough uniformed men to form the Yugoslavian army, all of whom will have to be tipped if you ever hope to see your underwear again.

Also you're expected to tip the bellperson one dollar for every minute he spends lecturing you on the various features of your room, such as where the window is, how you work the light switch, etc. A really informative bellperson will find so many room features to tell you about ("And down here, you have your floor") that he may well elect to spend the night with you.

My most terrifying hotel-tipping experience occurred when a book publisher put me up for a night at a gymnasium-sized suite in an extremely fancy hotel in Beverly Hills, the kind of hotel where everywhere you turn there are men wearing tuxedos, and you feel obliged to hand them money, even

my path, including floral arrangements, and I made it to my room, and finally the bellperson left, and I thought I was safe.

But immediately there was a knock at the door, and it was yet another hotel person, announcing that he had brought me some ice. I didn't need ice, but here was this tuxedo-wearing person holding a silver ice bucket that cost more than my car, and I didn't want to look cheap, so I pulled out my wallet and gave him the smallest bill I had left, which was a five.

Moments after he left, ANOTHER hotel person came around, and this one, for some reason, had: strawberries. I happen to HATE strawberries, but this person had a tastefully arranged plate of them on a rolling cart, and I felt I had no choice but to give her what was now the smallest bill in my wallet, namely: a twenty. So now I had spent \$25 for ice, which was melting, and strawberries, which were being eaten by small, tuxedo-wearing flies; and of course word was spreading like wildfire among the hotel staff that if you wanted to make big money, you could take virtually any random object up to the luxury suite.

I spent the rest of the evening huddled in bed, trying to ignore the people knocking on my door, bringing me God knows what. I was terrified that they'd become violent. "OK, MR. BARRY," they'd shout, using a bullhorn. "WE KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE. WE HAVE A LIVE PONY OUT HERE. FOR YOU. AND IF YOU DON'T COME OUT AND TIP US, WE'RE GOING TO SHOVE IT UNDER THE DOOR."

So we see the importance of proper tipping etiquette. I certainly hope that this information has been helpful, and that before you move along to the next article, you remember to show your appreciation for all the work I've done by... HEY! COME BACK HERE!

## OES

Order of Eastern Star, District 8 Association, will meet Friday with Prairieton chapter. A carry-in dinner will begin at 6:30 p.m. Annual memorial services and an election of officers will follow at 7:30.

Center Point chapter has scheduled a "Sideliner's Night" Tuesday, with Joanna and James Minor presiding.

Clay City chapter will hear annual reports Monday, with

the past year Tuesday during a 6 p.m. dinner and 7:30 p.m. meeting. Mary and Jerry Stevens, worthy matron and patron, will preside.

Morris (New Goshen) chapter will meet Thursday, with Judy and



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## THE END.

That is, the End of the Beginning of Life

For a Class of Twenty-one Members of the City High School.

The Fifteenth Commencement Closed With Brilliant and Successful Exercises.

FROM SATURDAY'S DAILY.

The concluding exercises of the High School commencement took place last night, in presence of an audience that filled almost every seat in the Opera House. Shortly after eight o'clock the exercises were opened by a chorus by the High School, "Gloria in Excelsis," from Mozart's Twelfth Mass. Prof. W. W. Byers, wielding the baton and Miss Emma Allen at the piano. Mrs. Gould and Prof. Byers have been drilling the chorus with a great deal of care and perseverance, and with what success, all those who were present last night, realized with much pleasure.

John H. O'Boyle and Crawford McKeen were on the programme for orations and Prof. Wiley stated that on account of the competitive drill at Louisville, in which they were taking part, they were absent from the city.

The seventeenth century was more progressive. During this period the great revival that had begun the previous century was carried on in great scientific discoveries, literature, and in the advancement of the people. In the eighteenth century when human undertakings became too vast for human hands. Brindley, Arkwright, Watt and others devised machinery to meet the requirements of the industrial era. The occupation of a manufacturer or a merchant became honorable, and the morality of the higher classes had a wonderful effect upon the habits of the common people. But the age in which we live is an age crowded beyond all other ages with events. One of the most important facts that stamp this age, is that the historic stage is to embrace the whole world. That dim spark of ancient civilization, once surrounded by seemingly impenetrable darkness, has developed until rays are spread over all the world. The forms of government have changed. Rulers now acknowledge that people have rights. The places of worship, formerly frequented only by the higher classes, are now open to all, and indeed we may say, that the laboring classes constitute the greater part of the assembly. Sermons are now delivered in a language to be understood by every one. Instead of the tallow candle there is now the electric light that seems even to excel the celestial bodies in brilliancy. It now takes but a few minutes for a message to flash from hand to hand; sometimes we can even hear the very words spoken. What the civilization of the future will be none dares to say, but in the history of progress the nineteenth century will always stand forth as an era of unusual brightness. To the wonderful future we can deny nothing. Man has gained such an insight into the forces of nature that

intend to be "an old shoemaker, blacksmith or tailor," and often draw unfavorable comparisons between their hard-working parents and some idle, dishonest, bejewelled neighbor. With this state of society, do you wonder at crime? Artemus Ward once said, "If there is one thing above another that the Americans are noted for it is that they will live within their means," then added in an undertone, "Even if they have to borrow money to do it with." What is there in idleness that is honorable? Why should the laborer feel himself degraded by his calling? Why should he acknowledge the supremacy of idleness and take off his hat and speak in terms of humble deference and tread softly in the presence of lily-fingered wealth?

Is the possession of property acquired by stealth, force or fraud honorable?

It is to education and principle men owe the superiority they have over their fellow creatures. Wealth may be left us, and it may be acquired at any time of life; therefore the loss of it is nothing in comparison with the loss of honor, which can never be inherited or fully regained.

By what principle should honor be estimated and determined?

When will men understand that many results, desirable in themselves, are rendered comparatively valueless by the means employed to bring them about? They will sacrifice honor for wealth. They will be false to their friends, lie, cheat, steal, and commit the whole catalogue of crimes for the sake of money. Honor is never so powerless as when leaning on the law for support, never so lofty as when seeking to achieve lofty ends in harmony with true nobility of soul. That man only should be considered worthy

The nameless and the known  
My palace is the people's hall  
The ballot box my throne.

Who served the to day upon the list  
besides the served shall stand;

Alas the brown and wrinkled fist  
The faded and dainty hand.

The rich to level with the poor,

The weak is strong to-day,

And shoddy broadcloth counts no more

The homespun frock of gray.

This is the time to remove the many causes of civil strife which may exist in the state, and to fill their places with good. Then no one can afford to neglect to exercise the great power peculiar to election day.

While there's a grief to seek redress

Or balance to adjust

Where weighs our living manhood less

Than manum's vilest dust.

While there's a right to need my vote

A wrong to sweep away.

Up! clout knee and ragged coat!

A man's man to-day!

A vocal solo, "Non Fu Sogno," from Verdi's Lombardi, by Miss Lizzie Allen, was one of the features of the entertainment, and was so heartily appreciated by the audience that they demanded another, and she responded to the encore with "The Convalescent," a very pretty solo from the opera Oliveire. It is evident Miss Allen has spent her time well and under the training of a skillful teacher during her last absence.

The last on the list was an essay by Miss Cora Kipper, subject, "Pure Gold." It was delivered without reference to the manuscript, with a charming perfection of modulation of voice and grace of gesture, and with distinctness and deliberation.

Gradually the splendor of civilization grew dim, during centuries while souls were fired of superstition and these ages of darkness from vast treasures of gathered into the church statues of saints, beautiful other church furniture, and was in possession of untold real, true, living principle of civilization had its faint life as served in the church, that worm-eaten ark which barely storms raging around and slowly, very slowly the clouds When one, more zealous than low, discovered a new truth, lack of an old belief ill fared if, loyal to what he held to put by the old and proclaimed herence to the new. No igno too great, no burden too heavy cution too severe to be heaped brave, those heroic men, who, sixteenth and seventeenth cent their life energies to the devel the true principles of Christ the several sciences. Few of to have their discoveries gen cepted and all honor paid to the Harvey with his discovery of lation of the blood.

Led on by Luther, Calvin reformers, came the great which, down to this day has e deepening, broadening and d the moral nature. No need to day the hardships, trials and suffered by them and their The progress of Christian true traced by the graves of its saints.



assurance, and with what success, all those who were present last night, realized with much pleasure.

John H. O'Boyle and Crawford McKee were on the programme for orations and Prof. Wiley stated that on account of the competitive drill at Louisville, in which they were taking part, they were absent from the city, but were at that moment on their way home under forced march and would arrive about one o'clock. He was not sure whether he could hold the audience for them or not. Mr. O'Boyle's subject was "Charles I vs. Louis XVI;" Mr. McKee's "A Profession, or a Trade?"

The first essay was on the subject of "Labor and Capital," by Miss Mary Rankin. The subject was well treated, necessarily tersely, but logically and with an appreciation of the essential points of difficulty in any contest between labor and capital. She said the best capital of the world is the savings of the laborer.

An instrumental solo, "Romance," Mozart, by Miss Emma Allen, followed. Miss Allen has a wonderfully delicate touch and plays with fine expression. She has a confidence too that insures her against embarrassment.

An essay, "Expression, or The Conveyance of Thought," by Miss Nora Rottman, was next on the programme. Miss Rottman took the ground that the apparent wide difference between men intellectually, was almost entirely due to the difference in ability of expression; that the mind of one man is about on a par with that of another, but seems inferior only because of his inferiority in expressing his thoughts. The essay was well prepared and well delivered.

A vocal duet, "Ah, Could I Teach The Nightingale," by Mrs. Gould and Mr. Sterrett, accompanied by Mr. Albert Wyeth, elicited the heartiest applause and persistent encore from the audience, which was responded to by another duet, "See The Pale Moon." It is seldom that voices are found that harmonize so beautifully as Mrs. Gould's and Mr. Sterrett's.

Miss Alma A. Akina's essay, "Ambition," began with Cardinal Woolsey's advice to young Cromwell to "Flying Away Ambition," and treated the subject largely from the standpoint from which the disgraced cardinal looked at it. The essay showed acute thinking and correct and graceful writing.

Miss Minnie Boelman's was an oration, "The Progress of Civilization," which we present in full.

### PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

[BY MISS MINNIE BOELM.]

Shortly after the use of Christianity, a period known in history as the Dark Ages began. It was a period of transition. During this time civilization

times we are living in. Very much spoken. What the world will be in the future will be more determined by the history of progress than the nineteenth century will always stand forth as a mark of unusual brightness. In the wonderful future we can only imagine. Man has gained such an insight into the forces of nature that the seemingly most impossible things become probable.

Another chorus by the High School, "When the Morning Sweetly Breaking," L. Italiana Algeri sustained the good impression that the chorus had already made and was duly appreciated by the audience.

"Character," an essay by Miss Gertrude Benight, was delivered with marked self-possession, exceptionally distinct and correct pronunciation, and in a voice which showed either a wonderful natural capacity or most effective training. The argument of the essay was worthy of the excellent subject of which it treated.

"Life is a school," by Miss Elizabeth Solomon, was an essay in which the writer elaborated the idea that education does not end with graduation, but is the work of our whole lives, though in a different manner and by a wider curriculum after we have left school. She appreciated the fact, as all must come to appreciate it sooner or later, that the largest and best part of our education is acquired outside of text books. The essay was well prepared and delivered with ease and grace.

An instrumental duet, "Wandering Jew Waltzes" Bergmuller, by Misses Addie and Edna Bartlett was exquisitely rendered and heartily appreciated.

"Money, Honor and Courage" was the subject of Miss Amalia Kussner's oration. Miss Kussner was entirely self possessed, and her delivery deliberate, distinct and impressive. The following is the subject matter almost in full:

### MONEY, HONOR AND COURAGE.

BY MISS AMELIA KUSSNER.

"Money lost; nothing lost.  
Honor lost; much lost.  
Courage lost; all lost."

In these terse words Goethe, the German Shakespeare, has weighed love of money in the balance against honor and courage, and found it wanting.

Is it doubted that money now sits enthroned in the hearts of the masses as a god, to whom more homage is paid than to aught else? The doubters have but to halt a few moments in their eager haste to accumulate wealth and look at the casual observer. I think they would stand aghast at the untold horrors and misery produced by this insatiable

greed, and commit the whole catalogue of crimes for the sake of money. Honor is never so powerful as when leaning on the law for support, never so lofty as when seeking to achieve lofty ends in harmony with true nobility of soul. That man only should be considered worthy of honor who is most upright and just in his relations and actions. He whose life is of no benefit to the people is entitled to no respect, no honor.

"Fools, indeed, drop the man in their account.  
And vote the mantle into majesty."

Every day we are doomed to meet a would-be gentleman, statesman or scholar, who, under a thin varnish of outward morality, is hiding the most depraved heart.

Few people think they compromise their honor when they break their promises with those whom they consider socially beneath them. A man will often pay what he considers a debt of honor (as a gambling debt or political debt) and will let his woodsawyer and washer-woman go unpaid, often thereby depriving them of their daily bread. Courage is one of the noblest attributes of manhood. The boldness, resulting from physical strength, is often falsely considered courage. The boy who will straighten himself up, roll up his sleeves, and toss back his head, "I got courage 'nough to whip any boy," has generally the least true courage, as is often shown when he receives what he expected to give, but would rather tell a lie than acknowledge it.

A truly courageous man conquers by his presence, his voice. He is a host. He is not only better than ten men or a hundred, but victor over all mankind who do not see the issue and the means. The healthy, the civil, industrious, the learned, the moral, the honorable race—Nature herself yields her secrets to these only. And the resources of America and its future will be great only to these.

He who uses money as a means of bettering the condition of himself and his fellow men, who makes honor his guiding star, whose courage keeps him in the path of duty, who makes his conscience his best friend, who fears nothing but wrong doing, will stand a man among men. His gray hairs will be honored, and when he shall leave this world he will be received into the abodes of the just with the welcome plaudit: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Election Day," an oration by Joseph Jackson we give in full. He has an exceptionally clear and musical voice, and his delivery impressed one that he had more volume enough to make all hear in a hall twice as large. His eloquence

well and under the training of a skillful teacher during her last absence.

The last on the list was an essay by Miss Cora Kidder; subject, "Pure Gold." It was delivered without reference to the manuscript, with a charming perfection of modulation of voice and grace of gesture, and with distinctness and deliberation, features which a large audience cannot fail to duly appreciate. The subject matter as well as the subject is pure gold, and speaks for itself.

### PURE GOLD.

[BY MISS CORA KIDDER.]

The expression, "Pure Gold," may represent either the refined metal or those qualities which we consider essential to a true and noble character.

We find this immaterial pure gold scattered freely through all society; not portioned out to any particular class, but finding lodgment full as often with the humble laborer as with the more kindly favored.

What a thousand uses has the material form of pure gold! It is not all fashioned into feasts for our eyes; some goes forth into the world, working for all men; it waits our vessels over the sea, tunnels, mountains, reclaims waste marsh lands for bountiful harvests, sends messages with lightning rods around the world, helps the astronomer into communion with the stars. It is a universal agent, building the rich man's palace and filling it with rare art treasures and every luxury human ingenuity can devise; it feeds the hungry mouths in the poor man's hut, barely wrests from the earth a shelter from the elements, or, a reward for sober industry, it gives his family the necessities and comforts of life, and prepares his children to care for him when they no longer need his care.

As varied as the offices of this beautiful metal are the possibilities of our souls. Have we not, we the proud and free Americans, learned full well the lesson, that a man may be a man, however lowly the walk of life he treads! that true worth and true nobility has no need of broad acres and lofty halls to establish its title, but can be distinguished beneath the roughest clothing and the most humble labor? Do we not all hold, more or less, an ideal of character, which, if universal, would revolutionize the world?

Through the ages, it is aptly said by an eminent French writer, "a certain dominant idea has had sway; men, for two, for five, hundred years, have taken to themselves a certain ideal model of man. This creative and universal idea is displayed over the whole field of action and thought, and after covering the world with its works, involuntarily systematic

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For long year ly breaking the the chains whic heart too closely to creep in, bou: ance and superi institutions base in the future her per's line:

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Prof. Wiley address to the a during the course the class, about 1 their charge, th never held out th had finished that would be compl made no pretense classical education lay the foundation upon either in the some were going courses for which the High School a He stated that Mr. Crawford McKee Glick, who were their diplomas on ti

The diplomas w Mrs. Byers and W. the school board, addressed the class

As President of th in whose hands has of the city schools, it well as my privilege school you are now human, doubtless There are some thin we rely upon you to failed. It has not pr scholars in the broad But



"The Progress of Civilization," which we present in full.

## PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

[BY MISS MINNIE BOELN M.]

Shortly after the use of Christianity, a period known in history as the Dark Ages began. It was a period of transition. During this time civilization fell almost to the depth of barbarism. The monks living in monasteries, were separated from the outer world and became the preservers of art and literature. These became factors of civilization. The Feudal System and the Crusades also may be considered as temporary factors of bodies, and the second brought them in contact with one another and with the heathen that had captured the Holy Land. Nations began to have sympathy with one another and also felt a higher regard for the heathen than ever before. Men that were in the Crusades came home with larger ideas and a wider range of thought, so that after the Crusades a great intellectual revival began throughout all Europe. Civilization progressed with such vigor, that even the high wall of China, which had withstood the light of ancient civilization, was penetrated by its rays, first only through crevices, but as we throw open the doors to admit the sunshine, when it peeps through the lattice, the first time after a long, dark winter, so the people of China threw open their gates to admit the light of civilization, and it may well be said that they knew not what darkness was until they saw the light.

Civilization is of such a nature that like the seed it requires time for growth and also like the seed it requires a preparation, a time of gratitude and rest, and as the seed is put into the dark earth, so the germ of the new civilization lay buried in darkness to burst forth into a more vigorous growth. The civilization lay in darkness for five centuries, but then the shadows grew fainter until the sixteenth century when the twilight reddened into our modern dawn. The nations that conformed to the principles of the Reformation became more progressive. Although Columbus discovered America under the patronage of Spain, yet that country made little effort to populate it, and England, France and the northern nations took advantage of the opportunity to extend their dominion, and soon scarcely a single Spanish settlement was left, and the continent came under the control of the British Government.

Is it doubted that money now sits throned in the hearts of the masses as a god, to whom more homage is paid than to aught else? The doubters have but to halt a few moments in their eager haste to accumulate wealth and look at the facts as they are presented to the most casual observer. I think they would stand aghast at the untold horrors and misery produced by this increasing desire for the gaining of money. Take for example our political parties of to-day. Is it not money that rules there? Is it not often said, "Oh, So-and-So is sure of being elected, merely because he has money," not that he is honest and courageous enough to do his duty. If there is a State or district that appears to one party as doubtful—do they send their most intelligent, honest and upright men there to present, in an honest manner, their principles, and thereby endeavor to win votes? O, no—the politician, making human nature a study, recognizes the fact that there is a more potent influence; hence shrewd, unscrupulous men with plenty of money are sent, and they never fail to find a sufficient number of America's boasted freemen who are ready and willing to sell "their birthright for a mess of pottage." Even some ministers, laboring under the same greed for money, often mistake the advance of salary, offered by a sister congregation for "the voice of God," and are seldom found not to heed the call. That it does seem to them the "voice of God," in this age of money-worship, we do not doubt.

Notice how those who have suddenly become rich show their grossness by their haughty and overbearing manners toward others who are not their equals in wealth, but often their superiors in everything else. Yet these, who can ape aristocracy, but never successfully imitate nobility, are not only tolerated but worshipped by society. Society of to-day says, by its acts, to honor, courage and all the nobler qualities, "Down, down on your knees before the almighty, all-powerful dollar." Its friends look with contempt upon honest labor and regard the laborer as a drudge. They say, "He is not up to the times, he is not sharp, too conscientious, too honest, he will never get rich." His honesty, instead of commending him to public favor and patronage, brands him as an ignoramus or old fogey. Children catch the same impulse, for almost as soon as they can lip they speak in disgust of the honest labor of their parents, and at once assert that they never

will be received into the abodes of the great with the welcome plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant." "Election Day," an oration by Joseph Jackson we give in full. He has an exceptionally clear and musical voice, and his delivery impressed one that he had reserve volume enough to make all hear in a hall twice as large. His elocution was very good and his manner dignified and pleasing.

## ELECTION DAY.

BY JOSEPH JACKSON.

In this country the people themselves constitute the ruling element, and accordingly they have appointed a day for the exercise of this great privilege. This is election day being the day when every male citizen, twenty one years of age, helps to determine who shall hold the offices of public trust, and what laws shall be enacted. As every man has an interest in his own government, it becomes not only his privilege, but also his duty to labor that the results of this day may never be regretted, and that the political condition of his country may be that the star of freedom may never wane.

The voting places on election day are generally thronged from morning to night, with anxious voters and trembling candidates, all watching to see that their side is supported and that the opposite side receives no illegal support. To accomplish the former purpose, carriages and wagons are hired and persons employed to go into the hedges and highways, and compel them to come." Here are crowds of men, discussing the character and qualifications of the various applicants for office, and the principles of the different political parties. Each one claiming his choice to be blameless and in every way the best suited for all conditions of people; and by arguments persuasions, many an unwary person is made to vote against his own interest; and is often, on election day, induced to abandon the principles which he has heretofore zealously supported and believed to be right. The onlookers and their friends, on this day if never before, realize that all men are created free and equal; and the poor voter may well say:

"The proudest is but my peer,  
The highest not more high;  
To-day of all weary year  
A king of men am I.  
To-day, alike the great and small,

Through the ages, it is aptly said by an eminent French writer, "a certain dominant idea has had sway; men, for two, for five, hundred years, have taken to themselves a certain ideal model of man. This creative and universal idea is displayed over the whole field of action and thought, and after covering the world with its works, involuntarily systematic, it has faded, it has died away, and lo, a new idea springs up, destined to a like domination and the like number of creations."

Our highest ideal at the present time is made up of all the best qualities we have crowded into the two words "Christian gentleman." This ideal man is the pure gold toward which our eyes are turned. He will come not in our day, nor in the next generation, but will gradually develop, like the unfolding of a flower from its crowded, sleeping bud to the beautiful, perfect blossom.

Do you never think, as you curiously turn the leaves of your ancient histories, and "paint from the imprint on the pages, the men behind them," that their model occupied a plane lower than ours?

We glean from those pages that governments were brutally despotic, unlimited power resting in the hands of the leader. The great man was the strong man, he who could by physical force assert his superiority over others. Heart he had none.

The higher part of his nature lay dormant until the warm and genial sunshine of Christianity began to diffuse its benign influence through the lives of men. In the beauty-adoring Greeks we find physical culture carried to its utmost limit, and—we still turn to the ancient Greeks in our ideals of beauty and symmetry of form in sculpture and architecture.

They had many great teachers among them whose schools were crowded with minds eager to be masters of their beautiful theories and systems of philosophy. Surrounded with the most beautiful natural scenery, they were graceful and beautiful in form, active in mind and body; but their beauty extended little farther than these forms. Philosophy was too divine a thing to be associated with their daily lives. The Greek type or model contains the element of beauty, but lacks the other qualities essential to our ideal.

Then followed the days of Rome's supremacy, when the individual was swallowed up in the one grand idea of Rome, and her greatness. Magnificence and luxury reigned supreme.

in whose hands of the city as well as my school you a human, doubt. There are so we rely upon failed. It his scholars in the But it has so every direct you and obdurate lying fields of to teach you faculties, to and to inspiring. It remains, to show. More than this that the High and worthy w instrumental awakening and but we also have recently, that it character—Chait you to shriekens or a freedom allow you to v State as a field society as the and self-aggrand of value only so existence which Character, that

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men. His gray hairs will be honored  
and when he shall leave this world

As President of the Board of Trustees

# Laurel Weekly Gazette.

TERRE HAUTE, IND.---THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1881.

\$1.50 PER YEAR

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intend to be "an old shoemaker, black-  
smith or tailor," and often draw unfavor-  
able comparisons between their hard-  
working parents and some idle, dishonest,  
bejewelled neighbor. With this state of  
society, do you wonder at crime? Arte-  
mus Ward once said, "If there is one  
thing above another that the Americans  
are noted for it is that they will live  
within their means," then added in an  
undertone, "Eyes if they have to borrow  
money to do it with." What is there in  
idleness that is honorable? Why should  
the laborer feel himself degraded by his  
calling? Why should he acknowledge  
the supremacy of idleness and take off  
his hat and speak in terms of humble  
deference and tread softly in the presence  
of lily-fingered wealth?  
Is the possession of property acquired  
by stealth, force or fraud honorable?  
It is to education and principle men  
owe the superiority they have over their  
fellow creatures. Wealth may be left us,  
and it may be acquired at any time of  
life; therefore the loss of it is nothing in  
comparison with the loss of honor, which  
can never be inherited or fully regained.  
By what principle should honor be  
estimated and determined?  
When will men understand that many  
results, desirable in themselves, are ren-  
dered comparatively valueless by the  
means employed to bring them about?  
They will sacrifice honor for wealth.  
They will be false to their friends, lie,  
cheat, steal, and commit the whole cata-  
logue of crimes for the sake of  
money. Honor is never so power-  
less as when leaning on the law  
for support, never so lofty as when  
seeking to achieve lofty ends in  
harmony with true nobility of soul. That  
man only should be considered worthy  
of honor who is most upright and just  
in his relations and actions. He whose  
life is of no benefit to the people is en-  
titled to no respect, no honor.  
"Fools, indeed, drop the man in their  
account.

The nameless and the known.  
My palace is the people's hall  
The ballot box my throne.  
Who serves the to day upon the list  
besides the served shall stand;  
Alike the brown and wrinkled fist  
The gloved and dainty hand.  
The rich is level with the poor,  
The weak is strong to-day,  
And slothers broadcloth counts no more  
The house-spun frock of gray.  
This is the time to remove the many  
causes of civil strife which may exist in  
the state, and to fill their place with  
good. Then no one can afford to neglect  
to exercise the great power peculiar  
to election day.  
While there's a grief to seek redress  
Or balance to adjust  
Where weighs our living manhood less  
Than common's vilest dust.  
While there's a right to need my vote  
A wrong to sweep away.  
Up! clout knee and ragged coat!  
A man's a man to-day!  
A vocal solo, "Non Fu Sogno," from  
Verdi's Lombardi, by Miss Lizzie Allen,  
was one of the features of the entertain-  
ment, and was so heartily appreciated by  
the audience that they demanded another,  
and she responded to the encore with  
"The Convert's Hymn," a very pretty solo  
from the new opera Olivette. It is  
evident Miss Allen has spent her time  
well and under the training of a skillful  
teacher during her last absence.  
The last on the list was an essay by  
Miss Cora Kiddle; subject, "Pure Gold."  
It was delivered without reference to the  
manuscript, with a charming perfection  
of modulation of voice and grace of  
gesture, and with distinctness and delib-  
eration, features which a large audience  
cannot fail to duly appreciate. The sub-  
ject matter as well as the subject is pure  
gold, and speaks for itself.

PURE GOLD.

Gradually the splendor of Roman  
civilization grew dim, during the dreary  
centuries while souls were tried by the  
fires of superstition and war. During  
these ages of darkness from far and wide  
vast treasures of gold were  
gathered into the churches to form  
statues of saints, beautiful vessels and  
other church furniture, and the church  
was in possession of untold wealth. The  
real, true, living principle of moral civ-  
ilization had its faint life similarly pre-  
served in the church, that rotten and  
worm-eaten ark which barely braved the  
storms raging around and within it.  
Slowly, very slowly the clouds were lifted.  
When one, more zealous than his fel-  
lows, discovered a new truth, or the fal-  
lacy of an old belief, ill fared it with him  
if, loyal to what he held to be right, he  
put by the old and proclaimed his ad-  
herence to the new. No ignominy was  
too great, no burden too heavy, no perse-  
cution too severe to be heaped upon those  
brave, those heroic men, who, during the  
sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, lent  
their life energies to the development of  
the true principles of Christianity and  
the several sciences. Few of them lived  
to have their discoveries generally ac-  
cepted and all honor paid to them, as did  
Harvey with his discovery of the circu-  
lation of the blood.  
Led on by Luther, Calvin and such  
reformers, came the great movement  
which, down to this day has ever been  
deepening, broadening and developing  
the moral nature. No need to repeat to-  
day the hardships, trials and tortures  
suffered by them and their followers.  
The progress of Christian truth can be  
traced by the graves of its martyred  
saints. Down through history  
to the time when our Puritan ancestors  
fled from their native land to find homes  
in the wilderness, where they might wor-  
ship God after the light in their own  
hearts, nowhere can we find men with  
more true, pure gold in their natures, and

age sighs for as vainly as it does for  
youth, which the young so seldom appre-  
ciate. The privilege of being young is  
a great one. The larger the life yet un-  
spent, the greater the room for growth  
and the greater the opportunities for  
work and usefulness. Old heads on  
young shoulders are coming to  
the front everywhere, for everywhere  
youth almost atones for its lack of exper-  
ience by its magnificent vigor, and there  
is happiness as well as success in the ear-  
ly ardor of existence. By as much as  
hope is better than despair and promise  
sweeter than fulfillment, by so much is  
youth more to be chosen than age. The  
memory of its enthusiasm, its daring  
generosity, its warmth and glow will  
cheer the darkness that must come when  
the evening shadows gather and the faces  
we love grow dim.  
We trust that in your future lives you  
will not be unmindful of your obligations  
to society and to the State. In return for  
the labor expended and the treasure spent  
in providing you with the educational fa-  
cilities you have enjoyed, the State has a  
right to expect your loyal and loving ser-  
vice. In your education it has given  
hostages to fortune. It has a right to  
demand that you always be found array-  
ed on the side of law and order and justice  
and honor and truth, and it regards these  
exercises this evening as your oath of al-  
logence and your solemn promise to make  
every sacrifice for the preservation of lib-  
erty and the perpetuation of that  
rational freedom of which the free  
public school system is the fairest flower  
and the surest safe-guard.  
And now the hour you have waited  
for has come. The formative period in  
your characters has in a great measure  
passed. The time of allotted tasks and  
of designated duties has gone by. You  
have come into your inheritance. During  
your school days you have cherished high  
hopes of what you would do once you



the seemingly most impossible become probable. The chorus by the High School, "Morning Sweetly Breaking," which sustained the good that the chorus had already duly appreciated by the

"an essay by Miss Gertrude delivered with marked self-exceptionally distinct and isolation, and in a voice of either a wonderful natural lost effective training. The essay was worthy of the best of which it treated.

chool," by Miss Elizabeth an essay in which the used the idea that education with graduation, but is the whole lives, though in a ner and by a wider curriculum have left school. She is fact, as all must come to sooner or later, that her part of our education is in the books. The prepared and delivered

tal duet, "Wandering Jew" muller, by Misses Addie and was exquisitely re-ly appreciated.

and Courage" was the Miss Amalia Kuss-er. Miss Kussner was self possessed, and liberate, distinct and im-following is the subject a fair:

## HONOR AND COURAGE.

AMELIA KUSSNER.  
lost; nothing lost.  
lost; much lost.  
lost; all lost."

words Goethe, the Ger-are, has weighed love of alance against honor and and it wanting.

that money now sits en-arts of the masses, as a ore homage is paid, than The deubners have but to nents in their eager haste wealth and look at the e presented to the most

I think they would the untold horrors and by this increasing de- of money. Take for tical parties of to-day, that rules there? Is it Oh, So-and-So is sure of nely because he has he is honest and cour-do his duty. If there rict that appears to one

in his relations and actions. He whose life is of no benefit to the people is entitled to no respect, no honor.

"Fools, indeed, drop the man in their account. And vote the mantle into majesty."

Every day we are doomed to meet a would-be gentleman, statesman or scholar, who, under a thin varnish of outward morality, is hiding the most depraved heart.

Few people think they compromise their honor when they break their promises with those whom they consider socially beneath them. A man will often pay what he considers a debt of honor (as a gambling debt or political debt) and will let his woodsawyer and washer-woman go unpaid, often thereby depriving them of their daily bread. Courage is one of the noblest attributes of manhood. The boldness, resulting from physical strength, is often falsely considered courage. The boy who will straighten himself up, roll up his sleeves, puff out his cheeks, and tossing back his head say, "I got courage 'nough to whip any boy," has generally the least true courage, as is often shown when he receives what he expected to give, but would rather tell a lie than acknowledge it.

A truly courageous man conquers by his presence, his voice. He is a host. He is not only better than ten men or a hundred, but victor over all mankind who do not see the issue and the means. The healthy, the civil, industrious, the learned, the moral, the honorable race—Nature herself yields her secrets to these only. And the resources of America and its future will be great only to these.

He who uses money as a means of bettering the condition of himself and his fellow men, who makes honor his guiding star, whose courage keeps him in the path of duty, who makes his conscience his best friend, who fears nothing but wrong doing, will stand a man among men. His gray hairs will be honored, and when he shall leave this world he will be received into the abodes of the blest with the welcome plaudit: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

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## ELECTION DAY.

BY JOSEPH JACKSON.

In this country the people themselves constitute the ruling element, and accord-

cannot fail to duly appreciate. The subject matter as well as the subject is pure gold, and speaks for itself.

## PURE GOLD

(BY MISS CORA KIDDER.)

The expression, "Pure Gold," may represent either the refined metal or those qualities which we consider essential to a true and noble character.

We find this immaterial pure gold scattered freely through all society, not portioned out to any particular class, but finding lodgment full as often with the humble laborer as with the most kindly favored.

What a thousand uses has the material form of pure gold! It is not all fashioned into feasts for our eyes; some goes forth into the world, working for all men; it waits our vessels over the sea, tumbles mountains, reclaiming waste lands; for bountiful harvests, sends streams with lightning, and around the world, brings the celestial astronomer into communion with the stars. It is a universal agent, building the rich man's palace and filling it with rare art treasures and every luxury human ingenuity can devise; it feeds the hungry mouths in the poor man's hut, barely wrests from the earth a shelter from the elements, or, a reward for sober industry, it gives his family the necessities and comforts of life, and prepares his children to care for him when they no longer need his care.

As varied as the offices of this beautiful metal are the possibilities of our souls. Have we not, we the proud and free Americans, learned full well the lesson that a man may be a man, however lowly the walk of life he treads; that true worth and true nobility has no title of broad acres and lofty halls to establish its title, but can be distinguished beneath the roughest clothing and the most humble labor? Do we not all, bold, more or less, an ideal of character, which, if universal, would revolutionize the world?

Through the ages, it is aptly said by an eminent French writer, "a certain dominant idea has had away: men, for two, for five, hundred years, have taken to themselves a certain ideal model of man. This creative and universal idea is displayed over the whole field of action, and thought, and after covering the world with its works, involuntarily systematic, it has faded, it has died away, and lo, a new idea springs up, destined to a like domination and the like number of creations."

Our highest ideal at the present time is made up of all the best qualities we have crowded into the two words "Christian gentleman." This ideal man is the pure gold toward which our eyes are turned.

to the time when our Puritan ancestors fled from their native land to find homes in the wilderness, where they might worship God after the light in their own hearts, nowhere can we find men with more true, pure gold in their natures and lives than these men had.

Such pure and noble lives they bore, we thank God that their descendants still live in every quarter of our broad land, having laid aside many of the errors of their fathers and clung to and added to their virtues.

Sincerity, honesty, purity, simplicity and truth are on the banners they give to the winds of heaven.

For long years men have been gradually breaking their fetters, casting aside the chains which for ages bound the heart too closely for human sympathies to creep in, bound the intellect in ignorance and superstition by long established institutions based on forgotten necessities. In the future lies the realization of Cow-per's line:

"He is the free man whom the truth makes free."

Prof. Wiley then delivered a short address to the audience. He said that during the course of four years in which the class, about leaving, had been under their charge, they (the teachers,) had never held out the idea that when they had finished that course their education would be complete. The High School made no pretense to giving a complete, classical education, but its object was to lay the foundation which could be built upon either in the school of life, to which some were going, or in a collegiate course, for which it was designed to make the High School a thorough preparation. He stated that Mr. J. H. O'Boyle, Mr. Crawford McKeen and Miss Naomi Glick, who were absent, would receive their diplomas on their return.

The diplomas were then awarded by Mrs. Byers and W. C. Ball, president of the school board, after which Mr. Ball addressed the class as follows:

As President of the Board of Trustees, in whose hands has been confided the care of the city schools, it becomes my duty as well as my privilege to address you. The school you are now leaving, like all things human, doubtless has its imperfections. There are some things, however in which we rely upon you to show that it has not failed. It has not pretended to make you scholars in the broad sense of that word. But it has sought to pierce with openings in every direction the walls environing you and obstructing your view of the out-lying fields of knowledge. It has sought to teach you the use of your intellectual faculties, to equip you for life's conflicts and to inspire you with a love of learning. It remains with you, in your after lives, to show that this has been done. More than this we cannot say.

passed. The time of allotted tasks and of designated duties has gone by. You have come into your inheritance. During your school days you have cherished high hopes of what you would do once you were numbered among the world's workers. Cherish those high hopes still. Down deep in your hearts, among its most sacred secrets, not to be told to any, lofty aspirations have germinated and grown. Cling to those aspirations and ideals as your most precious possessions.

I shall not profane this occasion by intimating that your achievements will not equal your expectations. Others have failed, perhaps, but that is no criterion. You ought not to fail in your reasonable hopes; you must not, will not fail, for your resolves are strong and steadfast, and, fortunately,

The tissue of your lives to be

You weave in colors all your own

And on the field of destiny

You reap as you have sown.

The teachers desire to extend their thanks to those who so kindly assisted them in the musical part of their programme. Terre Haute is very fortunate in the supply of musical talent, which is always available for the accommodation of the public.

Besides the wealth of flowers that were given to the graduates, quite a number of other presents were seen on the stage, mostly books.

Professor W. W. Byers was the recipient of a handsome bouquet from several of the young ladies of the High School.

After the conclusion of the exercises the young ladies assorted their bouquets, which were arranged as on the previous evening, upon tables, and their gentlemen friends to procure transfer facilities for getting them home, received the congratulations of their friends, and then went home, doubtless feeling with all their satisfaction a mingling of regret that a large portion of their lives had been placed forever in the background of memory.

"The river is getting low again, and the season will soon be at hand when the muscular captain rolls up his pantaloons, pantaloons, leaps overboard, and putting his shoulders under the hull, heaves his vessel off a sand bar, and goes on his way rejoicing."

## GONE TO REST.

Another old Citizen of Terre Haute  
Crosses the Dark River.



and found it wanting. Money now sits enthroned in the hearts of the masses, as a more homage is paid, than to the gods. The doubters have but to look at the moments in their eager haste to get wealth and look at the way they are presented to the most favored. I think they would be at the untold horrors and reduced by this increasing degaining of money. Take for our political parties of to-day. Money that rules there? Is it not so? "Oh, So-and-So is sure of it," merely because he has not that he is honest and courageous to do his duty. If there is a district that appears to one doubtful—do they send their gentlest, honest and upright men to represent, in an honest manner, to please, and thereby endeavor to please, no—the politician, making a study, recognizes the fact that a more potent influence; hence the scrupulous men with plenty of talent, and they never fail to present a number of America's men who are ready and will give their birthright for a man of even some ministers, labor, the same greed for money, the same advance of salary, the same congregation for "the cause," and are seldom found not to call. That it does seem to be a piece of God," in this age of ours, we do not doubt. Those who have suddenly shown their grossness by their show and overbearing manners, those who are not their equals but often their superiors in wealth. Yet these, who can appear out never successfully imitated, are not only tolerated but by society. Society, by its acts, to honor, all the nobler qualities down on your knees almighty, all-powerful friends look with contempt upon labor and regard the laborer. They say, "He is not up to the task, he will never get rich." Instead of commending him for his labor and patronage, brands him as ignorant or old fogy." It is the same impulse, for all the time they can lip they speak the noblest labor of their lives once assert that they never

men. His gray hairs will be honored, and when he shall leave this world he will be received into the abodes of the blessed with the welcome plaudit: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

"Election Day," an oration by Joseph Jackson we give in full. He has an exceptionally clear and musical voice, and his delivery impressed one that he had reserve volume enough to make all hear in a hall twice as large. His elocution was very good and his manner dignified and pleasing.

### ELECTION DAY.

BY JOSEPH JACKSON.

In this country the people themselves constitute the ruling element, and accordingly they have appointed a day for the exercise of this great privilege. This is election day being the day when every male citizen, twenty one years of age, helps to determine who shall hold the offices of public trust, and what laws shall be enacted. As every man has an interest in his own government, it becomes not only his privilege, but also his duty to labor that the results of this day may never be regretted, and that the political condition of his country may be that the star of freedom may never wane.

The voting places on election day are generally thronged from morning to night, with anxious voters and trembling candidates, all watching to see that their side is supported and that the opposite side receives no illegal support. To accomplish the former purpose, carriages and wagons are hired and persons employed to go into the hedges and highways, and compel them to come." Here and there are crowds of men, discussing the character and qualifications of the various applicants for office, and the principles of the different political parties. Each one claiming his choice to be blameless and in every way the best suited for all conditions of people; and by arguments persuasions, many an unwary person is made to vote against his own interest; and is often, on election day, induced to abandon the principles which he has heretofore zealously supported and believed to be right. The office seekers and their friends, on this day if never before, realize that all men are created free and equal; and the poor voter may well say:

"The proudest is but my peer,  
The highest not more high;  
To-day of all weary year  
A king of men am I.  
To-day, alike the great and small,

Through the ages, it is aptly said by an eminent French writer, "a certain dominant idea has had sway: men, for two, for five, hundred years, have taken to themselves a certain ideal model of man. This creative and universal idea is displayed over the whole field of action and thought, and after covering the world with its works, involuntarily systematic, it has faded, it has died away, and lo, a new idea springs up, destined to a like domination and the like number of creations."

Our highest ideal at the present time is made up of all the best qualities we have crowded into the two words "Christian gentleman." This ideal man is the pure gold toward which our eyes are turned. He will come not in our day, nor in the next generation, but will gradually develop, like the unfolding of a flower from its crowded, sleeping bud to the beautiful, perfect blossom.

Do you never think, as you curiously turn the leaves of your ancient histories, and "paint from the imprint on the pages, the men behind them," that their model occupied a plane lower than ours?

We glean from those pages that governments were brutally despotic, unlimited power resting in the hands of the leader. The great man was the strong man, he who could by physical force assert his superiority over others. Hear! he had none.

The higher part of his nature lay dormant until the warm and genial sunshine of Christianity began to diffuse its benign influence through the lives of men. In the beauty-adoring Greeks we find physical culture carried to its utmost limit, and—we still turn to the ancient Greeks in our ideals of beauty and symmetry of form in sculpture and architecture.

They had many great teachers among them whose schools were crowded with minds eager to be masters of their beautiful theories and systems of philosophy. Surrounded with the most beautiful natural scenery, they were graceful and beautiful in form, active in mind and body; but their beauty extended little farther than these forms. Philosophy was too divine a thing to be associated with their daily lives. The Greek type or model contains the element of beauty, but lacks the other qualities essential to our ideal.

Then followed the days of Rome's supremacy, when the individual was swallowed up in the one grand idea of Rome, and her greatness. Magnificence and luxury reigned supreme.

As President of the Board of Trustees, in whose hands has been confided the care of the city schools, it becomes my duty as well as my privilege to address you. The school you are now leaving, like all things human, doubtless has its imperfections. There are some things, however in which we rely upon you to show that it has not failed. It has not pretended to make you scholars in the broad sense of that word. But it has sought to pierce with openings in every direction the walls environing you and obstructing your view of the outlying fields of knowledge. It has sought to teach you the use of your intellectual faculties, to equip you for life's conflicts and to inspire you with a love of learning. It remains with you, in your after lives, to show that this has been done. More than this, we rely on you to show that the High School grows manly men and worthy women. We trust that its instrumentalities have been effective in awakening and fashioning your intellects; but we also hope, and this the more fervently, that it has assisted in building up character—Character, that will not permit you to shrink from a freeman's burdens or a freeman's rights; that will not allow you to violate trusts nor regard the State as a field of lawful plunder, nor society as the theater of self-indulgence and self-aggrandizement, nor life itself as of value only so far as it ministers to an existence which withers with the grass—Character, that when

Comes the moment to decide,

In the strife of Truth with Falsehood  
For the good or evil side,

Will make you content to choose the truth, and share, if need be, her wretched crust, rather than falsehood and wear her livery of false fame and accursed profit. To grow character of this sort has been, before all else, our avowed and steadfast purpose. If this can be or has been done, then the greatest want of our age and country has been met, and something accomplished for the cure of its darkest evil.

If in our capacity as trustees we bid you speed as parting pupils of the school, as individuals, and in this I am sure this sympathetic audience will join, we welcome you as coming citizens.

"I have written unto you, young men, because you are strong," said the apostle. If he had lived until now, and witnessed a High School commencement, and seen your prominence in it, he would have addressed you young women as well as the young men. But that omission was the fault of the age in which he lived rather than his. In its spirit and purpose, his phrase is right, for there is a strength and beauty about youth which

background of memory.

THE river is getting low again, and the season will soon be at hand when the muscular captain rolls up his pantaloons, pantaloons, leaps overboard, and putting his shoulders under the hull, heaves his vessel off a sand bar, and goes on his way rejoicing.

### GONE TO REST.

Another old Citizen of Terre Haute  
Crosses the Dark River.

Wm. Joab, the sturdy old man whose face and form were familiar to nearly every resident of Terre Haute, breathed his last at his residence on the corner of Fourteenth and Bycamore streets Saturday afternoon at half past two o'clock. The cause of his death was paralysis with which he was stricken about eight weeks ago. The deceased was born on March 10th, 1807 at Pittsburgh, Pa. At an early age he removed with his parents to Belmont county, Ohio. His father was killed in the Colonist's war with Great Britain when young William was but six years of age.

Being the only son of a family of four children the future welfare of the other depended in a large measure upon him. From the start he displayed an uncommon energy and firmness of purpose, and in a short time the little family began to reap the results of his exertions. In the year 1838 Mr. Joab was united in marriage to Miss Nancy Crow. In 1868 he removed from Belmont county to a farm he had purchased about six miles west of this city, where he lived until 1870, when he came to Terre Haute. He has lived here ever since and was universally recognized as an honest, hardworking old man. He amassed considerable property and was wealthy at the time of his death. Besides his widow four sons and two daughters survive him. They are M. M., Chas. W., George C. and Albert E. One of the daughters is married and resides at Kansas City, the other is unmarried.

The governor has ordered the removal of Peter Crawford, of Jeffersonville, a life convict in the southern prison for murder, to the northern prison. Crawford labors under the idea that he is abused at the southern prison, and has several times attempted suicide.



## AMALIA KUESSNER'S WORK

**SHE WILL SELECT HER SUBJECTS HEREAFTER.**

**Plans of the Indiana Girl Who Has Won Fame as a Miniature Painter.**

[Special to The Indianapolis News.]

CHICAGO, October 19.—Amalia Kuessner Coudert, the most famous miniature painter in the world, has recently been commissioned to make a likeness of Emperor William of Germany. Miss Kuessner (as she is called professionally, though now it is Mrs. Coudert) left for New York Tuesday afternoon. She expects to spend most of the winter in this country, leaving for London and Berlin in the spring.

Already Miss Kuessner has painted the Prince of Wales, the Czar of Russia and Cecil Rhodes. When she shall have finished the portrait of the German Emperor she believes she will have in her gallery of royalty the four greatest men of the age.

"I should like to paint the Sultan of Turkey," said Miss Kuessner, in chatting with The News representative. "I think he would be an attractive subject, and deserves a place with the others."

It is not true, as has been reported, that Miss Kuessner has decided, since her marriage, to give up her work.

**Will Choose Her Subjects.**

"I shall not do work as I have up to this time," said the artist, speaking of her plans. "In the past I have taken quite a number of people where there was nothing inspiring in the subject nor anything to add to my reputation. They had money, and were willing to pay fabulous prices, and I needed the money."

But from now on I shall paint only what will add to my reputation, or subjects which inspire me. There may be one or two more among royalty, and then I will take only beautiful women or great men—men who stand before the world as heroes—men who have done things and are strong and famous. Cecil Rhodes was such. He was an inspiration. His head was magnificent. Another thing, I shall paint hereafter for myself. As it is I have practically none of my own work. I am commissioned to do a portrait, and it becomes the property of the subject. I have not even examples to show to people who might come to me. In fact, the people who have come to me have done so on the faith of my reputation entirely. They have seen none of my work."

**Different from Other Painters.**

"In that respect I am different from many painters of miniatures. I am the only one who has painted royalty on orders. Others have painted royalty for their own amusement or use, and often from photographs; but I never have painted except upon a command and in return for pay. In carrying out this new plan of work, I will do less in point of quantity, but it will probably appear to the world that I do more. The ones who—done are more likely to be heard of."

Asked if she would not like to do a miniature of President McKinley, she replied diplomatically, "I hope he will be President."

Miss Kuessner has been staying at the Auditorium, and it was reported that she was seriously ill. This was a mis-

take, and grew out of a slight illness by which she was confined indoors for a short time. The visit to Chicago was to see the artist's parents, who live here with a brother and a sister. It is part of a honeymoon trip which began in Europe on the 3d of last July. No work has been done since that time.

Miss Kuessner is a native of Terre Haute, Ind., but has spent much of her time in New York and Chicago.

**Was Not at Kimberley.**

At the outbreak of the Boer war there was a report that Miss Kuessner was in Kimberley with Cecil Rhodes, and there were some apocryphal stories afloat as to her adventures and marvelous escape from the city of diamond mines.

"That was entirely a mistake," said Miss Kuessner, smiling. "It came about through a mistake in the date line of a cablegram. I was in Cape Town and had finished painting Cecil Rhodes's portrait and he had gone to Kimberley. The correspondent wired from Cape Town, saying I had just finished a miniature of Rhodes, but the date line got changed to Kimberley in transmission, and there you have all the rest."

Miss Kuessner has no regular studio.

"I do not think people look well in studio lights," said she. "I think it is much better to work in a drawing-room if one can and of course I can, for all I need is a little table, a window and my little outfit. I work in my hotel wherever I may happen to be, but I prefer London and do most of my work there."

The suite in the Auditorium, occupied by Miss Kuessner, had nothing distinguishingly professional about it. There were sheafs of long stemmed American beauty roses and silver dishes, filled with their petals. The rooms were redolent of their perfume. Otherwise it was simply one of the suites overlooking the avenue and the lake.

**Miss Kuessner's Personality.**

Miss Kuessner was dressed in a house gown of old gold, trimmed with real lace. She is very dark, with large black eyes and hair loose and rather wild. She is small and slender and will scarcely weigh over a hundred pounds. Her gestures and manner of speaking would lead one to believe her to be French by birth and training, and there is a decidedly foreign accent to her conversation.

Miss Kuessner's work is the result of inborn genius. She never took a lesson in miniature painting in her life and the first portrait she did made quite as much stir as any that she has since made. It was the likeness of a Mrs. Hazard, of New York.

The artist talks pleasantly of her experience with royalty. She says kings and princes are quite generally misunderstood, and she found the Prince of Wales and the Czar of Russia to be most genial and interesting persons.

"I wish," she said in conclusion, "you would say to The Indianapolis News that the article printed in that paper at the time of my marriage was the most pleasant that I saw. They have always been very kind to me and I want them to know that I appreciate it."



PAMPHLET FILE



AMALIA KUESSNER.

After 1900 or in 1900 (after her marriage)

In Chicago-

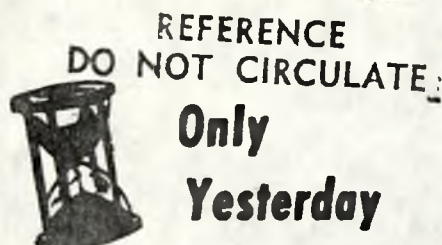
Quote in Auditorium

No regular studio



# Amalia Kussner famous for miniatures

*from the Spectator Jan. 24, 1976*  
GEN.



By Frances E. Hughes

At the turn of the Century, a Terre Haute woman became the most famous painter of miniatures of her day, not only in this country but also abroad.

She was Amalia Kussner, one of three children of Lorenz and Emmaline Weinhardt Kussner. The family was popular among the many German families who had settled here. Lorenz was born in Hesse Darmstadt, Germany, and Emmaline in Weisbaden, Germany.

Amalia was born in 1864, her sister, Louise, in 1862, and her brother, Albert, in 1876.

The father had a music store, called the Palace of Music, in the building now the Memorial Hall. The family lived in an apartment on the second floor of the building.

The Kussner children had a cultural background and spoke Spanish, French, German and English. Both of the girls attended St. Mary's Academy as children, Louise being especially trained in voice by Sister St. Clair and Amalia, in art by Sister Maurice.

Amalia was graduated from Terre Haute High School in 1881 and attended St. Stephen's Episcopal Church. One of her close friends was Alice Fischer, who also was graduated from the same high school and attended the same church. Alice showed talent as a child in acting and later became a leading Broadway actress.

For her birthday when she was 12 years old, Amalia's father gave her a miniature portrait by an unknown artist and it was then that she started painting portraits on china, fireplace tiles, piano keys and, finally, on ivory ovals her father bought to encourage her.

After graduating from high school, Amalia returned to St. Mary's for further study and then went to New York to attend Mme. DeSilva's and Mrs. Bradford's fashionable boarding school and to study art.

Returning to Terre Haute, she studied with Miss Minshall, a private art teacher, and began to show her work at local exhibits. She also started to sell some of her miniatures of children of local friends, including those of Donald and Hamill Baker and Marian and Fred Reynolds.

In 1891, when Mrs. Kussner took Albert east to enroll him at Philips Exeter, Amalia went along to visit with her friend, Alice Fischer. Alice had attained recognition on the New York stage and had many contacts with wealthy people and it was she who got Amalia her first commission for a miniature of one of New York's famous "400". Alice had been in New York since 1884 and when

Amalia arrived there, she was appearing on Broadway as the lead in "Nero." She had also organized the Twelfth Nigh Club for actresses.

Amalia sold her miniatures in Tiffany's for awhile but after her introduction to Mrs. Theodore A. Havemeyer, wife of a director of the American Sugar Refining Company, and successfully painting a miniature of her, she started up the ladder to fame.

## ...and Lillian Russell

She painted miniatures of Marie Tempest, an English opera singer, and the famous singer, Lillian Russell, as well as those of THE Mrs. William Backhouse Astor, leader of Society's "400;" Mrs. Richard H. Townsend, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Frank Tilford, and many others.

Her parents and brother and sister had moved to Chicago, so she went there to get commissions to paint miniatures of Mrs. Cyrus Hall McCormick and 16 portraits in all of the Armour family.

In the Spring of 1896, while painting a miniature of Mrs. Paren Stevens in New York, she met Mrs. Stevens' daughter who was married to Arthur Paget, a South African millionaire, and who lived in London and was a member of the court circle there.

The two women became close friends and Amalia went back to London with Mrs. Paget, who introduced her to members of the royal family's circle. She painted miniatures there of the Duchess of Marlborough, the former Consuela Vanderbilt of New York; Lily, wife of the eighth Duke of Marlborough; Lady Colebrook, sister of Arthur Paget; the Duchess of Manchester and others.

Three of the mistresses of the Prince of Wales, later to become King Edward VI of England, also posed for the local artist. They were Countess Georgina Dudley, daughter of a Scottish baronet; Daisy, Countess of Warwick, another of the Prince's grand passions in the 1890s, and Mrs. George Keppel, the Prince's mistress for the last 12 years of his life.

Accompanying Mrs. Paget to Paris, Amalia met Charles DuPont Coudert and after a romance of several years, the couple was married July 4, 1900, in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York.

## ...invited by the

### Prince of Wales...

Back in New York, Amalia painted miniatures of Mrs. Robert Goellet, wife of a New York capitalist, and Mrs. Oliver Hazard Perry Belmont, mother of the Duchess of Marlborough, and others.

When she returned to London for other commissions, she was invited by the Prince

of Wales to paint a miniature of him. She posed him in the costume he had worn to a fancy dress given as a part of Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee celebration.

In payment for the miniature, the Prince gave her a fine necklace set with diamonds and a large emerald, as well as a small brooch set with diamonds with the racing colors of his jockey in enamel on the tiny figure modeled after his prize-winning race horse, Persimmon.

The press began to recognize the artist by this time and many articles about her appeared in magazines and newspapers in this country and England. She had continually increased the price of her miniatures from \$60 to \$1,000 each.

She returned to New York again to paint miniatures of Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, aunt of Winston Churchill; Mrs. John W. Mackay, whose husband made his fortune in the Comstock Lode in California; two other members of the Astor family--Mrs. Marshall Orme Wilson and Mrs. John Jacob Astor; and other prominent New York society women.

## to Russia and Africa

With a letter of introduction from Mrs. Paget, Amalia went to St. Petersburg, Russia, where she painted miniatures of the Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna, whose husband, Grand Duke Vladimir Alexandrovitch, was a brother of Czar Alexander III; and of Czar Nicholas II and the Czarina. They, too, gave her beautiful jewels for her paintings.

Shortly after that, she went to Africa, where she decided she wanted to paint a miniature of Cecil Rhodes, the Diamond King. Although she had no introduction, she finally managed to get him to pose for her. However, she had to finish the portrait at Kimberley, where the siege was on as one of the battles of the Boer War.

It was when she returned to New York that she married Coudert. From then on, she did very little painting but spent most of her time traveling or busy with social activities of the social sets of New York and London which she was very much a part of by then. Coudert had been one of the most eligible bachelors of New York.

Louise Kussner married John Wells Cloud, an American from Pittsburgh who was president of the Westinghouse Air Brake Company. Both the Clouds and Couderts became English subjects. The Couderts lived at Windlesham Hall in Surrey and the Clouds at Magnolia House, Sunningdale.

All of them are now gone. Amalia died in 1923 and her husband died in 1964, both in Switzerland. Louise's husband died on a ship enroute to Jamaica in 1936, and Louise died in 1962. Albert Kussner, a composer who attained recognition in this country, died in 1930 in Florida and is buried in Highland Lawn Cemetery here.



# Local Woman Was World-Famous

## As Miniature Painter in Her Day

*Terre Haute Star 8-31-1961*

BY FRANCES E. HUGHES

Now treasured as collector's items are the many miniatures made by Amalia Kussner, Terre Haute woman, at the turn of the century.

For Miss Kussner was world-famous for her art and she painted most of the women in the "400" of society in New York, wealthy women of Chicago, royalty and members of court circles in Europe and Cecil Rhodes, the "Diamond King" of Africa.

Miss Kussner was a first cousin of the late Allen Weinhardt, and pieces of her art are treasured by his sons. Allen J. Weinhardt, Jr., of 114 South Twenty-fourth Street, Carl J. Weinhardt of Indianapolis and Robert Weinhardt of Elysian Way, East Liverpool, Ohio.

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LORENZ KUSSNER, who had come from Hesse-Darmstadt, Germany, and his wife, Emmaline Weinhardt, who had migrated with her family from Weisbaden, Germany, were married in Crawfordsville. There their two daughters, Louise and Amalia, were born.

After they moved to Terre Haute, a son, Albert, was born. Mr. Kussner established a store, "Palace of Music," in the present Memorial Hall building, where he made and sold musical instruments. The family lived in an apartment on the second floor.

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ENROLLING at St. Mary-of-the-Woods Academy at the age of 6 years, Amalia was the youngest student ever to attend the school. It was there that her interest in art was stimulated by Sister Maurice and she received the fine training that led to her success.

Eighty years ago she was graduated from Wiley High School, and both before and after her graduation she studied at the academy and under private tutors. One year was spent in New York at Mme. deSilva's and Mrs. Bradford's fashionable boarding school.

Many local friends of the family have pieces of china on which Amalia painted when a little girl. She painted on everything she could find, including the tiles of the fireplaces in the homes of her parents and of her uncles and aunts, Dr. and Mrs. Allen Pence and Mr. and Mrs. John Weinhardt, and on ivory keys from old pianos in her father's store.

+ + +

SHE BECAME interested in "painting-in-little" from a miniature given her as a child. She painted miniatures of her family and friends and was commissioned to paint some of Donald and Hamill Baker, sons of Attorney and Mrs. Harry Baker, and of Marian and Fred Reynolds, children of Attorney and Mrs. Reynolds, and others.

When Albert went East to enter Philips Exeter Academy, Amalia went along to New York. There she looked up a friend, Alice Fischer, who had made a success on Broadway and organized the Twelfth Night Club for actresses.

Alice gave her an introduction which led her to get a job as staff artist at Tiffany's. Then, when Amalia opened her own studio, Alice helped her get commissions to paint Lillian Russell, America's prima donna, and Marie Tempest, English opera star.

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ALICE ALSO GAVE her an introduction to Mrs. Theodore A. Havemeyer, a leader of New York's original "400," which led to a commission from the society woman. This started the "paint-

er-in-little" in her phenomenal rise to success. She then opened a fine studio in the Windsor Hotel, raised her prices from \$60 to \$400, and received commissions from most of New York's society women.

Twice she had her miniatures exhibited at the women's portrait exhibition at the National Academy of Design. Her fame spread to Chicago, where her family moved, and there she painted 16 miniatures of the Armour family alone as well as those of many other prominent families.

A friendship made with Mrs. Arthur Paget, wife of a South African millionaire and a member of the court circles of London, caused her to go to London in 1896. There she painted Mme. Melba, the prima donna; Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, and most of the famous women in the court circle.

+ + +

THIS LED to exhibit of her work in the National Gallery in London and, eventually, to a commission to paint the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII. Besides paying her a large sum, the Prince gave her a diamond

and emerald necklace (later she gave the gems to England for war relief work and had them replaced with synthetic stones) and a diamond brooch, a replica of his prize-winning race horse, Persimmon.

She raised her price to \$1,000 and eventually got as high as \$4,000 for one miniature. Not only was she then accepted socially in London's court circles, but New York's "400" began to recognize her.

Through Mrs. Paget, Amalia went to St. Petersburg, Russia, in March of 1899. There she painted Grand Duchess Marie Vladimir and was summoned to the Winter Palace to make miniatures of both the Czar and Czarina of Russia. Besides payment for these, she received gifts of a bracelet, necklace and ring of diamonds and rubies.

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WITH NO INTRODUCTION, Amalia next went to Capetown, South Africa, where she got a commission to paint Cecil Rhodes, the "Diamond King." Caught in the Boer War there, she came out by ox team and horseback and returned to this country.

Her marriage to Captain Charles Dupont Coudert, scion of a wealthy French-American family, took place July 4, 1900, in the sacristy of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. She then had all the fame, wealth and social position she desired, and the fad of having one's portrait painted in miniature on ivory was waning.

So, she did then only what she felt would add to her reputation or people who inspired her. She and her husband traveled on the Riviera, in England and Egypt, and spent a year in an old castle in Germany. Finally, they settled at Windlesham Hall in Surrey, England, spending Summers at Dachstein in the Austrian Tyrol. She died of a lung ailment in May of 1932 in Switzerland. Her husband is now living there.

+ + +

AMALIA'S PARENTS both died at her home. Her sister, Louise, who gained recognition for her beautiful voice, was married there to John Wells Cloud, an American. Louise is now 95 years old and is living at Magnolia House in Sunningdale, Berks. Both couples became English subjects.

Albert, her brother, married Mary Pettit of Wabash and gained fame as a pianist and composer. He died two years before Amalia at his home in St. Petersburg, Fla., and is buried in Highland Lawn Cemetery here.



CAF

# TERRE HAUTE WOMAN CONQUERED BY ART

Girlish Pleasures and Social As-  
pirations of Amalia Kussner

Fail to Hide Genius.

PAINTER OF MINIATURES

First Exhibits Attract Attention  
of Expert Who Saw Great

Future For Her.

SUN ST 12/4/1904

Several years ago the old Naylor opera house was packed with the gaily attired and exuberant throng which is characteristic of the commencement exercises the wide world over. There were the smiles and the laughter, the merriment and the music, the perfume of the flowers, the rustle of dresses—the half assumed solemnity which no one feels. And on the stage sat the graduates. Ah, the wonderful sense of promise, the deep set purpose, the high resolve—and, oh! the irony of the passing years. The young men and women proceeded to solve the problems of time and of eternity with the charming complacency characteristic of the bud time.

At length one young girl, daintily attired, and artistically, too—beautiful, sweet, altogether charming, with eyes peculiarly soulful, the fairest flower of them all—stepped to the front to deliver her message to the expectant world. She passed over the poets, the philosophers, the problems, and gave an essay that in the light of her after life is laden with wonderful meaning.

"Money Lost, nothing lost; Honor Lost, much lost; Courage Lost, all lost."

It was the old message of Goethe. The sweet girl graduate expanded upon the idea earnestly; delivered her message artistically. The great crowd unknowingly stood in the presence of one of the artistic geniuses of her generation. And any one familiar with the revelations of the years that were before her would have sworn that she had an intuitive insight into the future, and was outlining her plan of battle. It was with this plan of battle that she

won her fight and attained the heights.

Courage—courage—and always courage. There was perfect silence in the house. And when she closed there was an ovation for Amalia Kussner.

Not so long ago the American artist after having made a profound impression upon the highest circles of New York society by the perfection of her miniature painting, turned to foreign fields. The public prints told of her departure and her voyage—her first voyage upon the sea; of how the girlish artist sat on the deck in a drenching rain, consumed by the fever of her genius, and her dreams of royalty were forced to bow the head in the presence of her art; of how she was taken in tow by the leaders of the ultra fashionable in London and introduced to royalty and its satellites; of how the present king sat for her and pronounced the miniature the most wonderful in his possession. The press has told us of the days she spent in the royal palace at St. Petersburg, painting the pictures of the czar and czarina of the realm; of how Cecil Rhodes—gloomy, silent, taciturn—who had always refused the request of artists, looked upon the beautiful, dashing American woman with the fire of genius in her eyes, and succumbed; of how dukes, duchesses, lords and ladies, kings and queens, actors and actresses, writers, high livers, the strong and the dainty have sat for the woman—the Terre Haute woman—who sailed away one dreary winter day.

"And in what school did you study," asked the delighted president of the Royal academy in London.

Perhaps she studied some right here in the city on the Wabash. Let us pry into the matter a little.

## AT ST. MARY'S OF THE WOODS.

We will not invade the nursery, but will just assume that her babyhood was much after the fashion of all other babies the whole world over. But like most people of genius she was wonderfully precocious. The records of St. Mary's will likely show that the great miniature painter was the youngest student ever enrolled in that venerable institution. When she was scarcely



more than six years old her parents decided to send her to St. Mary's of the Woods. When the day came for the little 6-year-old miss to break the home ties for a season and leave for the quaint and beautiful village of St. Mary's, she disappeared for a moment from the family group and emerged from her play room a moment later holding tightly to her favorite dolls and cook stove. Just fancy the brilliant painter of exquisitely refined miniatures carrying a cook stove over to St. Mary's. Here within the ancient walls of this venerable institution, hallowed by romance and memories, the child spent two years in study. And here she for the first time had her attention turned to art. It is a common observation among those who have known her long, that she seems to have been born with a fondness for the beautiful. It is quite possible that the two years spent in the study of drawing within the walls of St. Mary's by this 6-year-old tot marked the beginning of her ambition. Here she gave unusual promise. Under the skilled instruction of Sister Maurice, who died at St. Mary's only a few years ago, she made remarkable progress, and when after two years of study she left the quaint village and the stately institution and the sweet-faced sisters, it is probable that her genius had taken possession of her—the genius that did not let her rest, but gnawed away until she finally surrendered.

#### IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

After leaving St. Mary's she entered the public schools and continued to attend until her graduation from the high school on June 24, 1881. During her school days it was whispered about that the little girl who carried her cook

stove to St. Mary's had talent far beyond the ordinary in drawing and painting, and there were many who took the matter seriously—all but Amalia. There was nothing to indicate that she appreciated the possibilities that lay before her. Now and then she would dash off a sketch that bore a remarkable resemblance to the subject and then crumple it up lightly and toss it into the waste basket. Every now and then she would try her hand at painting. But at no time up to the day of her graduation did she impress her companions as a dreamer. There was nothing morbid in her makeup. She did not have the distorted fancies of the Russian artist who wrote the diary of her impressions. She was a girlish girl.

Had anyone paid a visit to the high school in those days they might have had their attention called to one girl in the room by the sweetness and beauty of her face, her winning ways, her vivacity, exuberance, energy in the

pursuit of fun. She was small in stature, slender, graceful and pretty. She was all animation, full of life—the cup running over with the wine of living. She could recite whenever occasion called like a trained elocutionist, although she never took lessons. She could sing winningly and was in great demand though she made no pretensions as a vocalist. She could draw as could no other girl in Terre Haute—though she made no claims and owned to no ambitions. She was simply a girlish girl, the sunniest creation beneath the sun. The girls liked her because she was not afraid to lead them in the pursuit of girlish fun. She was a prime favorite among the boys because she had a winning face and was brimful of vivacity, witty, unconsciously fascinating. And so she drifted along like any other girl during the four years she was in the high school.

"Amalia Kussner? Why, certainly I remember her," said Superintendent Wiley, when asked of her school days. "She was a beautiful girl with a charming face, a fun-loving disposition, and faithful in her studies. She

ranked a little above the average in her work."

Among those who went through the high school with her were Crawford McKeen, Mrs. Ella Adams Moore, now instructor in the University of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. George A. Scott, the local attorney; and Elizabeth Solomon, a teacher in the Terre Haute schools.

#### GENIUS AND HER FUTURE.

After her graduation her future was hazy, uncertain. She possessed the genius—the genius did not as yet possess her. The bud was there—it required circumstance to bring the blossom. Looking upon the apparently girl of genius drifting along upon the prosaic currents of the commonplace, seemingly unconcerned with the future, and bent on pleasure, one might have thought of the lines of the poet, "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air."

In those days Amalia Kussner lived with her parents in the "Old Curiosity Shop" on Ohio street, across from the court house. The building has been allowed to degenerate because of the apparent lack of appreciation of the possibilities of the building by the people of the city. In the days when Amalia Kussner whiled away the hours with her paint brush and pencil, the old bank building was charming to the eye.

Immediately west of it in those days stood a building used by a music firm, and the second floor was beautifully furnished as a drawing room. A stage had been erected for concert purposes



and this was not infrequently utilized for amateur theatricals. There are many here today who will remember when Amalia Kussner, looking peculiarly catchy and charming and coquetish, too, in her brother's clothes, was wont to sing a song entitled, "Courting in the Rain." Her voice was not adapted for serious concert work, but it was just the thing for this little song and many times she was compelled to repeat it. She was a fine elocutionist and took parts in at least two of the plays presented in this old draw-

ing room, "A Bunch of Keys," and "One Must Get Married."

These embryo efforts—be it understood—were not made because of a faint ambition to shine behind the footlights. It was just fun-loving Amalia Kussner looking for fun.

Alas! the irony of years. The old home looks like a junk shop now. The old music hall that once resounded with merriment and music, and in which the greatest miniature painter of the age sang "Courting in the Rain" is now the home of a business enterprise. Thus pass away the glories of the world.

Still the genius of art was not wholly able to throw off the duty Nature had placed upon her. One year after her graduation Miss Kussner became a member of an organization in this city formed for the development of the artistic.

#### TRAINING IN THE ARTISTIC.

One dreary winter day in January, 1882, several of the most artistically inclined women of Terre Haute met at the residence of Mrs. R. A. Morris for the purpose of organizing a society for "a thorough and systematic course of study in art work, such as shall make our homes beautiful." The eternal feminine thus asserted itself in the love of the beautiful, and the association dedicated to a purpose so consistent with the ambition of every womanly woman became a brilliant success. As the intention of the society became better known, the membership was augmented by additions from the most prominent families of the city and its success was assured. For more than ten years the women of the society met regularly. We may be assured that there was the delightfully absurd discussion of the fashions along with the criticism of the poets and painters, but if the records, still extant, tell a true tale, there was a true love of the beautiful—a true artistic passion behind the women who made up the artistic company. The poets were studied. The painters were criticised. The artistic development of the American people came in for its share of attention. The entertainments of

the host were described with an enthusiasm suggestive of charming times. And every now and then a name is mentioned, without italics, but somehow strangely interesting—the name of Amalia Kussner. We learn that on such and such a date she read a paper on some artistic subject. At this, that, or the other reception we are told that her display of work was "the most artistic on exhibition." But when we close the records, delicately traced in a feminine chirography, they fail to entirely satisfy our curiosity. What was to become of the one woman whose work always called forth unusual praise?

This society associated with the early artistic career of the great painter numbered among its members the following women prominent in the social and artistic life of the community: Miss Sue Ball, Miss Henrietta Blake, Mrs. A. G. Blake, Mrs. Phoebe Cook, Mrs. Demas Deming, Miss Sara B. Floyd, Mrs. Anna J. Gould, Miss Carrie Gould, Mrs. B. G. Hudnut, Mrs. Ed. Heustis, Miss Kate Ijams, Mrs. R. G. Jenckes, Miss Louise Kussner, Mrs. D. W. Minshall, Miss Helen Minshall, Mrs. William Mack, Mrs. L. B. Martin, Mrs. Mary Morris, Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mrs. Joseph Strong, Mrs. Marion Tuell, Miss Margaret Tuell and Mrs. Dr. Young.

In the account of one of the public receptions of the society we learn that the coming artist exhibited a bunch of hellotrope, a peasant girl holding a jug, a spray of roses done in water colors, a vase decorated with apple blossoms, a plaque with yellow roses painted on it, a music portfolio decorated with painted poppies.

#### THE ARTIST AT WORK.

Thus it will be seen the artist in the woman was constantly at work. The woman who had genius was gradually being conquered by it. Little by little during her Terre Haute days she was yielding to it. In the home of Mrs. Dr. Pence one may see today the first painting moulded in human form that was ever done by Amalia Kussner. It is a pitcher decoration, "Hager in the Desert." There is perfection in the

moulding of the bare arms, perfection in the arrangement of the draperies. There is genius in the painting.

The first drawing of a head was done in a spirit of hilarity—just as any Terre Haute girl of today might try her hand at a silhouette. It was of the head of Mrs. Pence's mother, and though somewhat crudely done was an excellent likeness. The future was creeping in. The woman was yielding always to the artist.

One year the women of the Episcopal church gave what they termed a loan exhibit of art work. It was given



at the home of Mr. Hussey. Among the guests was Samuel Early, who had traveled extensively and had added to a natural taste for art the training in judgment which comes from having visited the galleries of Europe. He walked about looking at the articles on exhibition until he reached a pad of sleeve buttons on which the artist had painted cherubs. Here he paused, surprised. He examined them carefully and with the eye of a connoisseur.

"Whose work is this?" he asked.

"Amalia Kussner's," was the reply.

"Well, Amalia Kussner will make a mark in the world. That work is wonderful."

These stories naturally reached the artist. Such encouragement is to reluctant genius what the sunshine and the rain are to the buried seed. At any rate she devoted more and more time to her art. She painted on china and presented her work to her family and friends.

Still the woman was struggling with the artist. She loved society. And she was ideally suited for the gay swirl of social dissipation. With her vivacity, her cleverness, her beauty, her accomplishments, she would have adorned any society in the world. She knew how to dress—it was the artist in the woman. Slender, dainty, graceful—moulded by nature for a picture—she was a beautiful woman. And she was one of the most exquisite dancers that ever glided over a ball-room floor in Terre Haute. With her wonderfully expressive black eyes, her exquisite grace, her tiny feet, she was

on the ball room floor the every poetry of motion. No wonder the woman fought hard against the conquest of the artist.

But the time came to surrender. One day she suddenly decided to go to New York City and enter the boarding school of Madame De Silva and Mrs. Bradford. Once there she determined upon a course of study in an art school, too. Without notifying her family of her determination she matriculated and then sent them word. Thus, the woman yielded to the artist. Thus genius won the long-drawn battle. Thus the world was given the greatest miniature painter of the time. Thus the artistic world once more drew on Terre Haute for raw material.

It would be a reflection upon the reader to give a detailed account of the wonderful triumphs of this wonderful woman who went from Terre Haute to conquer the artistic world and won. Her patrons are the crowned heads, the proudest names in the titled nobility, the most prominent in the aristocracy

of intellect and wealth. The first society woman who sat for her was Mrs. Theodore Havemeyer. Her sponsor in England was no less a personage than Mrs. Arthur Paget, the leader of the most exclusive English society. Her first subject was Lillian Russell, the actress, who was prevailed upon to sit for her by another Terre Haute woman who has attained the highest artistic success—Alice Fischer.

The old home of Amalia Kussner is crumbling in neglect. The old companions of the old days are scattered to the four winds. The old music hall in which she sang and acted is sadly commercialized. The old society in which she was a member has long since disbanded. The old town has felt the thrill of a new life, and throwing off the old lethargy is forging to the front. Nor is the old town unmindful of the honor of having been the early home of the greatest miniature painter of the time.

A hundred years pass. We are in the private apartments of a king. The proud ruler takes up a dainty, exquisite miniature and looks at it intently. Handing it to Count Puffe-dup, he remarks—

"It is my mother."

"And who painted it?" asks the count.

"Amalia Kussner—an American artist. She lived in a place called Terre Haute in the last quarter of the nineteenth century."

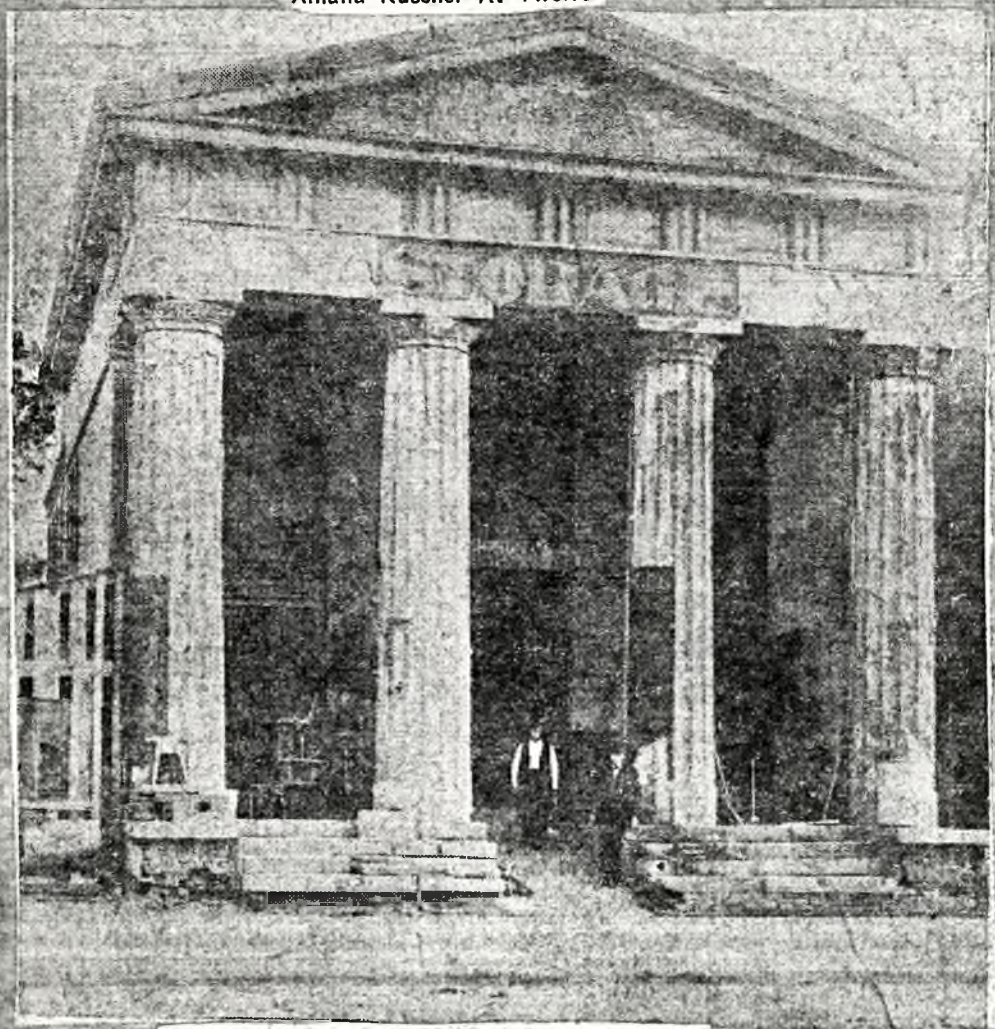
At least it will be pleasant to think of the scene as possible.





REFERE  
DO NOT CIP

Amalia Kussner At Twelve.



Amalia Kussner's Early Terre Haute Home.



ENCE  
ICULATE



Little Amalia With Her Father.







A Favorite Picture Of Miss Kusner



One Of The Artist's Latest Pictures.



## FAME IN TWO YEARS

### RAPID RISE OF A TERRE HAUTE GIRL AS AN ARTIST.

Miss Amalia Kussner, Visiting Her Family in Chicago, Talks to a Reporter On Miniature Painting.

Miss Amalia Kussner, high-priestess and pioneer of miniature painting in America, is now in Chicago visiting her family, says the Tribune of that city. She is acknowledged a peer in her art on two continents, and has received more substantial evidence of appreciation of her ability than mere applause.

Miss Kussner is a young girl in appearance scarcely out of her teens. It is hard to believe that one so young has already conquered fame and fortune and received the highest praise that can be bestowed, and yet be so democratic as she is. With the ease and finesse of a diplomat she carries one away from topic to topic, always avoiding the one subject—herself—until finally she laughingly admits she might as well talk of the one subject first as last, for she will be made to talk of her painting—not that she does not love the subject, but she is provokingly modest about her attainments.

#### SHE NEVER TOOK A LESSON.

"How did I begin? O, I just began because I knew I must do something, so I decided to paint miniatures, and the first one I painted was a success, artistically and financially."

"You studied with masters abroad?" was asked.

"No, nor at home. I never took a lesson in miniature painting in my life. It simply seems to belong to me as a natural inspiration. Others call it a divine gift, and to me it certainly seems so, for when Mrs. Theodore Havemeyer, who has lived so much abroad and never had any desire to be painted, declared on seeing my first work that I should paint her, I felt there was something in it.

"I feel as if the reporter were robbed of all working ground in my case, there being no years of diligent labor with various masters, followed by the usual attic residence where one invades the borderland of starvation and the final awakening of pity in the fates, for I neither studied nor starved in the attic, and I attacked the fates rather than sued for favor, and I won. Takes away the romance, doesn't it?"

But it takes the substance just the same.

"Yes, I have painted a great many of the most beautiful women in America. I love to paint the Western women. They have an independent spirit that pleases me, and they pose with a freedom and abandon I can make much of. I care more for an interesting personality than beauty of feature, and when I am working my whole soul being—my soul and entity—is in those two inches of ivory.

#### ALL THE TALK AT SUMMER RESORTS.

"It has become a great fad, no doubt, for all other branches have been dropped out of discussion in comparison, and nothing was so much talked of at the resorts. At Newport this summer I was overwhelmed with work, and vacations are impossible for me in those places. I have just finished a miniature of Mrs. Cyrus H. McCormick; also of Mrs. W. S. Walker. Mrs. McCormick's blonde beauty made an excellent picture.

"Early in the spring I painted Lady Arthur Paget, daughter of Mrs. Paran Stevens, and when I go to London this fall I am engaged to paint the Princess of Wales and many other beautiful English women. I never paint from photographs, as do many of the profession, but entirely from life, oftentimes devoting one whole sitting to studying the personality of my subject. I love the flesh tints and the veils and satins are never so beautiful as it, and this I am constantly impressing upon my sitters."

#### ARDOR AND GENIUS COMBINED.

With such ardor accompanying positive genius is it to be wondered at that this young girl, so gifted, should have attained her marvelous skill in the most difficult departure in all art? She follows no school. Her magnitude seems to vivify the life in the sitter and her own exquisite conception gathers what is best and most beautiful and gives it full expression. Her colors hint of the Orient in their richness, but blend like the harmonies in music.

A peculiarity noted by artists and critics is that her miniatures show more figure than any modern painter, and that the neck and bust are as expressive a portrait as the face. The lines lack the stiffness of the French painter and have a portrayal of life that is their chief charm.

Miss Kussner appeared in New York, by a peculiar coincidence, just with the revival of miniature painting in Paris two years ago. She came unheralded, with simply her first work and a letter of introduction to a wealthy and prominent patron of art. It is needless to add the work possessed merit, and since then Miss Kussner has become a synonym for everything superior in that line.

## When Chicago Was Young

By Herma Clark

Letters from Martha Freeman Esmond to her friend Julia Boyd of New York, Chicago, Sept. 27, 1896.

Dear Julia: Autumn is here—not a season of melancholy, as the poet Bryant found it, but rather that of "mellow fruitfulness," as some one else has called it. Lincoln park looked lovely yesterday when Will and I drove out to be present at the unveiling of the statue of Hans Christian Andersen given to the park by Danish-Americans of the midwest. It stands on a slight artificial elevation a few hundred feet east of the Matthew Lafin Memorial at Center st. The base is of Minnesota granite, chosen from that state because the Danish people of Minnesota had been especially generous in their gifts to the fund. The figure is of bronze. Johannes Gelert is the sculptor, a fine looking man in middle life, who spoke a few words in acknowledgment of his introduction. He came to this country, we were told, in 1887 and became a citizen in 1892.

We were there a little early—or the parade was late—and we saw the enormous procession making its way into the grounds, many Danish societies taking part. Andrew Peterson, Danish consul in Chicago, presented the statue to the park board and F. H. Winston replied in a pleasant speech in which he said it was appropriate that the great Danish story teller's statue should stand where the merry shouts of children could always be heard.

The real address of the afternoon was given by Judge Gibbons, who eulogized Hans Christian Andersen in most eloquent English, speaking of his stories, "The Little Match Seller" and "The Little Mermaid." I always think of the "Ugly Duckling" when I think of Hans Andersen. I liked Judge Gibbons' reference to the Roman Pantheon, and the Roman custom of bringing back the gods of the nations they conquered to be placed in the temple built by Hadrian.

"But this, our beloved republic," said the speaker, "does not go out to conquer other nations by gory wars, to despoil their temples of

their gods. Instead, people of all climes freely come and dwell with us and freely bring their great ones to our natural Pantheon, whose boundary is not the yellow Tiber, but the crystal Lake Michigan." As he spoke, I looked about and thought that Lincoln park is indeed beginning to be a modern Pantheon, for away over the tree tops in the distance I saw the equestrian statue of Grant; remembered that St. Gaudens' Lincoln was not so far to the south, and saw, nearer by, Schiller, La Salle, Shakespeare, Linnaeus, and Benjamin Franklin, the last named a recent acquisition.

Have you happened to see in New York a Miss Amalie Kussner, formerly of Chicago but now of London, where she has been painting miniatures of the great? She is visiting her parents here and the papers are printing a good deal about her work. Her success in England is compared by a writer in a London magazine to that of Angelica Kauffmann. Miniatures had gone out of fashion, says this writer, but Miss Kussner has painted such beautiful ones that all London is rushing to be painted. The Duchess of Marlborough has had a miniature done and is so delighted with it that she has ordered two more. The Duchess of Devonshire and Mrs. Arthur Paget are two other important society women who have sat for her and it is said the Prince of Wales has decided to be painted. Part of her success, say the critics, lies in her flair for dress. She produces effects like those of Gainsborough and Romney, floating draperies and gorgeous colors.

Will hinted this evening he'd like to have her paint our Martha. Probably the price will be prohibitive, but it would be lovely if we could manage it. And now I must close. Ever with love,

MARTHA FREEMAN ESMOND.

#### FOOT NOTES.

Johannes Gelert, sculptor [1852-1923], designed a statue of Grant at Galena, and the Haymarket monument in Chicago, besides the Hans Christian Andersen statue in Lin-

coln park. . . . Amalie Kussner, American miniature painter, married Charles Coudert of New York in 1900, and from that time had her studio there. She painted many of the royal family of Russia and in 1899 painted Cecil Rhodes.

#### To the Library Sleuths.

How do they do it, those clever people in the reference room of the Public library? Your editor thought she had them in a corner last week. A reader had asked for an old temperance piece, a denunciation of liquor by a drunkard's child. Our correspondent did not know title, author or first line—only a few lines at the end. But this slender clue was given to the library and next day Sleuth Herbert Hewitt, chief of the department, sent us the poem, which turned out to be titled, "Go Feel What I Have Felt." Sure enough, the lines given by our reader were there: "Tell me I hate the bowl." We offer this as a "Poem of the Week." [See below.] Inez Young and Mildred King worked on this assignment.

#### Letters in Our Mail.

So many letters this week we can't even mention them all. A. W. Corbett, Jackson, Tenn., writes of Chicago day at the Columbian Exposition of 1893, whose attendance—about three-quarters of a million—still stands, he says, as the greatest crowd ever assembled in the United States. . . . Mrs. Alma L. Olesen, Highland Park, was interested in mention of Lewis Institute, where she studied. Mrs. Olesen won THE TRIBUNE's prize for a Chicago story last year at the Writers' conference in Evanston. . . . Mrs. Essie Burtis Budd, Mount Holly, N. J., sends us some interesting notes on her childhood, spent on Washington st., near Pauline st. Her father, Peter T. Burtis, was superintendent of the Chicago gas works at the time of the fire of 1871.

#### Poem of the Week.

##### Go Feel What I Have Felt.

If you'd like this old poem, often spoken in temperance meetings of the '80s, send stamped addressed envelope to Herma Clark, c/o Tribune.





AMALIA KÜSSNER

## A PAINTER OF MINIATURES

By Nancy Huston Banks



HE history of art enrolls many records that touch the heart and stir the imagination, but it furnishes no more pathetic picture than Amalia Küssner's unheralded arrival in New York, nor any more romantic story than that of her subsequent career. While struggling blindly toward the light the girl artist called upon a well known social leader, who was also a recognized

create the warm, bewitching, vivid miniature. Who has not felt its tenderness, its irresistible charm?



kings. Vasari in his life of Guilio Garata, one of the earliest famous miniature painters, says: "His productions are all in the hands of princes or other great personages." This was in the beginning of the fourteenth century, and all down the long line of miniature painters it has been the same, until the exquisite craft fell into decadence, very soon after the Court of Napoleon went mad over Isabey's miniatures. Holbein was invited to England as the guest of the Lord High Chancellor, and appointed painter to King Henry VIII. Walpole mentions Holbein's miniature of Catherine of Aragon, "a round, on a blue ground." Philip of Spain sent Sir Antonio More to England to paint Queen Mary's on a gold plate, which was unusual, copper being the common basis of miniature painting, after vellum went out of fashion and before ivory began to be used for the purpose, which seems to have been not earlier than well on in the eighteenth century. At the same time that Sir Antonio More painted this miniature on gold, a woman—one Levina Teelinek—also painted a picture of Queen Mary on a card, and Her Majesty seems to have preferred it to the other, although the artist had for it only "one casting bottle guilt." Broit received five hundred pounds for a miniature of Queen Anne. James I delighted to honor Nicholas Hillard, and no one could paint His Majesty's portrait or that of any member of the Royal household without the artist's consent. Charles I showered gifts and attentions upon Peter Oliver, and when Charles II came to the throne he went in person to see the widow of the famous "painter-in-little," and not only bought all the work of Oliver that remained in his widow's possession, but settled a handsome income on her.

into the realm of riches and refinement wherein she might hope to find patronage and appreciation of her art. There were only society queens, so hedged about by apparently impregnable walls that she almost despaired of ever reaching them—of being able to show them what she could do. Yet with unflagging courage she



MRS. M. A. TYLER

worked on: watching, waiting, longing, painting—always painting—day and night.

Those who know only the finished miniature, and have no acquaintance with the method of its production, cannot conceive of the labor that it represents. Each of these tiny masterpieces—these ornaments with human identification—these concentrated expressions of pictorial art—stands for more toil, of a peculiarly exacting sort, than the largest canvas. The brushes, some of them containing scarcely half a dozen hairs, make strokes so fine that most of the painting must be done under a magnifying glass. And the touches on the frail bit of ivory must be as unerring as they





chance of her work, hoping to enlist his interest. The attempt was in vain; he shook his head, saying art like hers was unsuited to the time. It was, he said, too fine, too slow, and above all too costly to meet the requirements of modern taste. Then, taking up a picture of his daughter, which had been photographed on porcelain and colored, he held it out to the "painter-in-little," saying, "That is the sort of thing people want now." She went away bitterly disappointed, chilled and exceeding heavy-hearted. But eighteen months afterward that same gentleman stood in the throng that crowded about her miniatures during the exhibit of women's portraits at the National Academy of Design, in November, 1894.

The miniature is as inseparable from wealth and luxury as the jewels are that its radiance resembles. It is also associated with gold and precious stones, since no other setting befits it. And still costlier than diamonds and rubies—because rarer and more beautiful—is the art which can



HON. CHARLES KERN



MRS. CHARLES KERN

No wonder then that the art of portrait painting should always have commanded royal remuneration and the admiration of

But there were no generous kings in New York to take Amalia Küssner by the hand and lead her through a golden door

may destroy the characteristic translucence that constitutes the miniature's greatest charm.

After toiling thus for several months the eagerly-wished-for opportunity came at last, in the usual unexpected way, through a letter of introduction to a New York woman of great wealth, high social position and much personal influence; and from the moment of its presentation fame and fortune were within Amalia Küssner's grasp. Since then her brush has been monopolized by the highest fashion, not only of New York but of the whole country, and no feature of her work is more remarkable than the amount of it. It is difficult to define Miss Küssner's school or to describe her style.

She has studied no master as a model, and has apparently given little attention to technique. She paints, if possible, entirely from life, and draws with great ease and rapidity. The richness of her coloring and delicacy of treatment have all the refinement of the French school.



MRS. WILLIAM L. SCOTT



MRS. CHARLES HARNOT STRONG



MISS FLORA SCOTT STRONG



BICENTENNIAL HER *Indianapolis Star*  
1-6-76

# Hoosier Artist Became World Social Leader

By MARGARET MOORE  
POST

Amalia Kussner Coudert, Terre Haute-born artist of international fame, was commissioned to do miniature portraits of royalty in England and Russia, and she was summoned by leading families in many countries to paint compositions.

Born March 26, 1873, in Terre Haute, she graduated from St. Mary's of the Woods, and in 1892 she began study in New York in miniature painting on ivory. She became one of the staff artists at the Tiffany studios in New York, but was advised to attempt a career of her own because of her extraordinary ability.

After completing commissions for families in the East, she traveled in England, France, Italy and Austria. Among those who sat for her were Rodin, noted French sculptor; Sir John Millais, celebrated British art critic, and Cecil Rhodes, diamond king who summoned her to South Africa to paint his portrait.

She received a royal commission from King Edward VII of England, and visited in London several months while completing his portrait. A diamond necklace presented to her by the King in recognition of her work later was sold



Mrs. Coudert

and used to establish a fund for the care of wounded British soldiers.

Mrs. Coudert was resident guest at the Kremlin, palace of the czars, while fulfilling a royal commission from the Czar of Russia. She painted portraits of the Czar, the Czarina, the Arche Duchess Olga and other members of the imperial family.

Her article, "The Human Side of the Czar," an account of incidents in the royal household, was published in The Century magazine.

Her marriage to Capt. Charles DuPont Coudert took place following her trip to South Africa, and after a short residence in New York, they became permanent residents of

Windlesham Hall near London. Her sister, Mrs. John W. Cloud lived in Surrey, England.

The Hoosier painter became recognized as a social leader in Europe and New York.

Mrs. Coudert and her brother, American composer Albert Kussner were inseparable as children, and to aid in her ambition to paint miniatures, he removed the ivory from the keys of old pianos in his father's shop to provide media for her painting.

The artist died in Territet, Montreux, Switzerland.

She was elected a member of the Imperial Academy.



*no date*

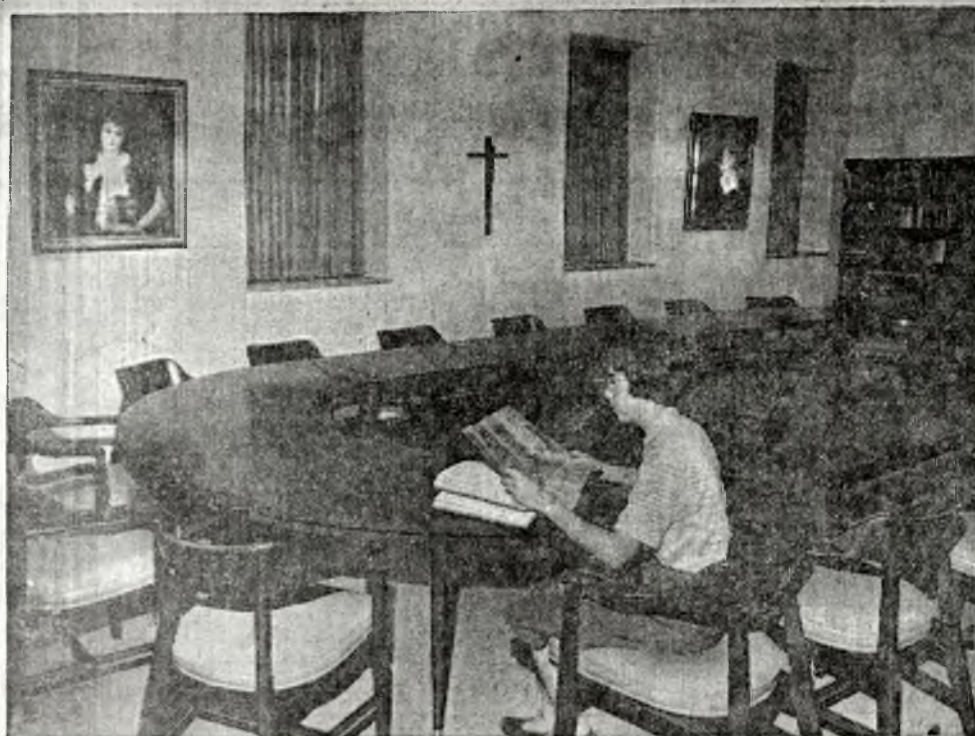
## **Amalia Kussner Miniatures Now At St. Mary's**

Currently on display in the new Saint Mary-of-the-Woods College library is a collection of miniature portraits by the late Terre Haute artist, Amalia Kussner. At the age of 6, in 1872, Amalia Kussner, was the youngest student ever to enroll at Saint Mary - of - the - Woods Academy, and it was here she received her first art lessons. She went on to achieve world-wide fame as a "miniaturist," and painted many of New York society's "400" in addition to European royalty and South African "diamond King" Cecil Rhodes.

She was commissioned to paint a miniature of the Prince of Wales, later to become King Edward VII. A diamond brooch which the prince gave her upon completion of the painting, is among the items included in the collection. The brooch was presented to Saint Mary-of-the-Woods College sometime ago. Other items on display are on loan to the college through the generosity of the Weinhardts of Terre Haute and Indianapolis, direct descendants of Amalia Kussner.

The public is cordially invited to visit the library and the exhibit anytime during regular library hours. Tours may be arranged by contacting the college D-2181, Extension 225.





**INDIANA ROOM**—Miss Carol Akers, Terre Haute student at St. Mary-of-the-Woods College, does some research in books about Indiana and by Indiana authors in the Indiana Room of the new Library at St. Mary's. The room was the gift of Mrs. Anton Hulman Jr. Portraits on the wall are of the late Amalia Kussner Coudert and Louise Kussner Cloud, former Terre Haute students at St. Mary's. (Photo by Kadel)

## Mrs. Anton Hulman Jr., Donates Library Room

By FRANCES E. HUGHES  
Star Staff Writer

Celebration of the 125th anniversary of St. Mary-of-the-Woods College and dedication of the new Library there is of special interest to Mrs. Anton Hulman Jr., 1327 S. 6th St.

For it was Mrs. Hulman, formerly Miss Mary Fendrich, Evansville, a graduate of St. Mary's Academy in the Class of 1923, who made a gift of the Indiana Room to the library.

The Indiana Room contains books about Indiana and by Indiana authors, and serves as

the meeting place for the college board of lay trustees. It is on the second floor of the building.

+ + +

The large oval conference table in the Indiana Room was specially designed. The blue leather upholstered chairs and blue draperies in the room and in the adjoining President's Conference Room were chosen to blend with the blue-toned painting, "On the Cliff," in the latter.

Terre Haute is given special prominence in the room through the presence of portraits of two

local women who studied at St. Mary-of-the-Woods—the late Mrs. Amalia Kussner Coudert and her sister, Mrs. Louise Kussner Cloud. The portraits were done by Mrs. Benjamin Guinness in England, and were bequeathed to the college by Mrs. Cloud.

+ + +

Both of the Kussner sisters were among the youngest students ever to enroll at the school. Both were students there for several years in the early 1880's, enrolling at six years of age.

Mrs. Coudert earned artistic acclaim in this country and abroad for her exquisite miniature portraits. Her scrap book and a small diamond brooch presented to her by King Ed-

ward VII of England in 1897 when he was Prince of Wales, also were bequeathed to St. Mary's. The pin was modeled after the king's horse, Persimmon.

The scrap books contain clippings and letters from social and political dignitaries whom she had painted in miniature, among them Edward VII, Czar Nicholas II and the Czarina of Russia, most of the original "400" of New York, prominent wealthy people of Chicago in that day, Cecil Rhodes, the Diamond King, and others.

+ + +

Portraits of these two former Terre Hauteans who were students at St. Mary's were placed in this room because of Mrs. Hulman's interest in them. The story of the rise to fame of Mrs. Coudert is of special interest to her for she has a hand-painted cup and saucer painted by the artist as a young girl, which has been handed down in her husband's family.

It is inscribed from "Amalia to Mrs. H. Hulman." Mrs. Herman Hulman was an aunt of Anton Hulman Jr., and since she was approximately the same age as the artist, it may be assumed that it was a gift to her.

The talent of Amalia, which brought her such fame, was first encouraged and fostered by Sister Maurice, art teacher at St. Mary's, when the child attended school there. The vocal talent of her sister, Louise, also was enriched while at the school. Louise, too, won recognition, both for her fine voice and for war work in England during World War I.

Both women later became English subjects. Amalia married the son of a wealthy French-American family, Charles DuPont Coudert, and Louise married John Wells Cloud, an American in charge of a business abroad. Amalia died in May of 1932 in Switzerland, and Louise died several years ago at her home in Magnolia House, Sunningdale, Berks, England.



1889

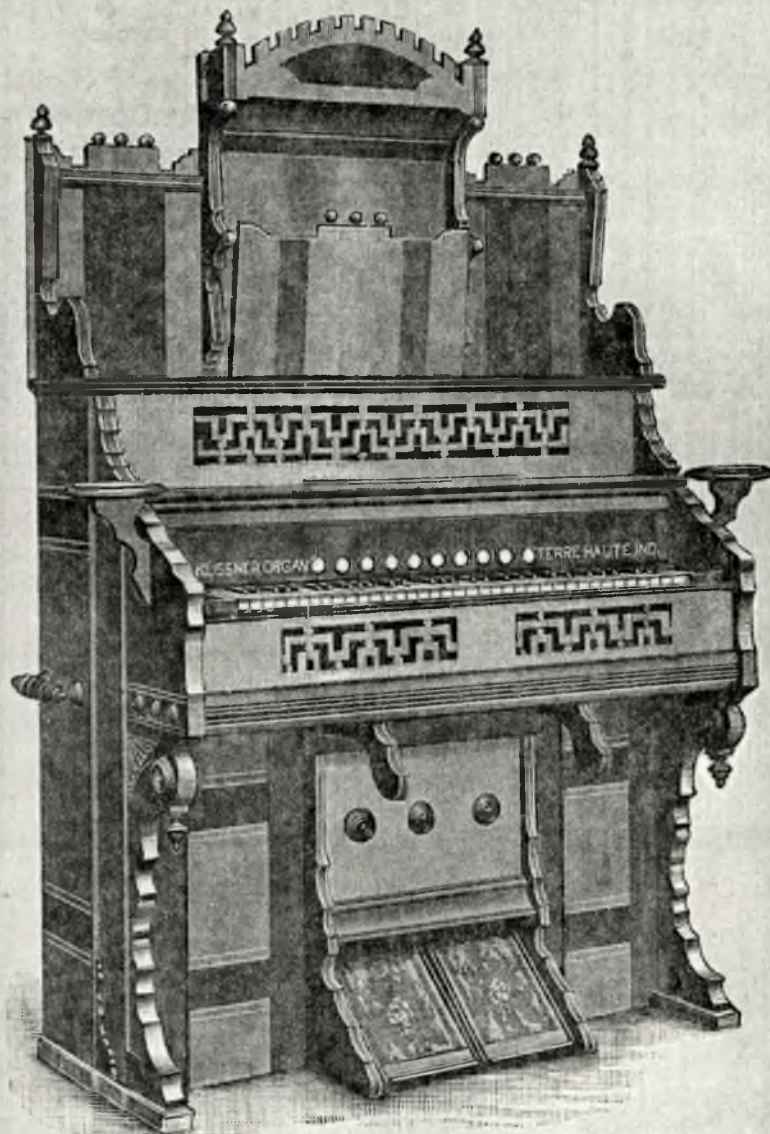
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**DO YOU REMEMBER?** — Amalia Kussner, a Terre Haute woman, became internationally famous as a miniature painter at the turn of the century. Her beauty is evident in the portrait top left. One of her miniatures of Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, maternal aunt of Winston Churchill, top right, and the diamond and emerald neck lace presented her by the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII of England, below it, are now in the possession of her cousin, Carl Weinhardt of Indianapolis. The diamond pin, lower left, a replica of the Prince's prize-winning race horse, Persimmon, also was presented to the miniaturist by Edward. It is now at St. Mary-of-the-Woods College as Amalia attended the academy there as a little girl. Lower right is one of the tiles from her family's fireplace, on which Amalia painted as a child

## Local Woman Was World-Famous As Miniature Painter in Her Day

BY FRANCES E. HUGHES

Now treasured as collector's items are the many miniatures made by Amalia Kussner, Terre Haute woman, at the turn of the century.

For Miss Kussner was world-famous for her art and she painted most of the women in the "400" of society in New York, wealthy women of Chicago, royalty and members of court circles in Europe and Cecil Rhodes, the "Diamond King" of Africa.

Miss Kussner was a first cousin of the late Allen Weinhardt, and pieces of her art are treasured by his sons, Allen J. Weinhardt, Jr., of 114 South Twenty-fourth Street, Carl J. Weinhardt of Indianapolis and Robert Weinhardt of Elysian Way, East Liverpool, Ohio.

LORENZ KUSSNER, who had come from Hesse-Darmstadt, Germany, and his wife, Emmaline Weinhardt, who had migrated

with her family from Weisbaden, Germany, were married in Crayfordville. There their two daughters, Louise and Amalia, were born.

After they moved to Terre Haute, a son, Albert, was born. Mr. Kussner established a store "Palace of Music," in the present Memorial Hall building where he made and sold musical instruments. The family lived in an apartment on the second floor.

ENROLLING at St. Mary-of-the-Woods Academy at the age of 6 years, Amalia was the youngest student ever to attend the school. It was there that her interest in art was stimulated by Sister Maurice and she received the fine training that led to her success.

Eighty years ago she was graduated from Wiley High School, and both before and after her graduation she studied at the academy and under private tutors. One year was spent in New York at Mme. deSilva's and Mrs. Bradford's fashionable boarding school.

Many local friends of the family have pieces of china on which Amalia painted when a little girl. She painted on everything she could find, including the tiles of the fireplaces in the homes of her parents and of her uncles and aunts, Dr. and Mrs. Allen Pence and Mr. and Mrs. John Weinhardt, and on ivory keys from old pianos in her father's store.

SHE BECAME interested in "painting-in-little" from a miniature given her as a child. She painted miniatures of her family and friends and was commissioned to paint some of Donald and Hamill Baker, sons of Attorney and Mrs. Harry Baker, and of Marian and Fred Reynolds, children of Attorney and Mrs. Reynolds, and others.

When Albert went East to enter Philips Exeter Academy, Amalia went along to New York. There she looked up a friend, Alice Fischer, who had made a success on Broadway and organized the Twelfth Night Club for actresses.

Alice gave her an introduction which led her to get a job as staff artist at Tiffany's. Then, when Amalia opened her own studio, Alice helped her get commissions to paint Lillian Russell, America's prima donna, and Marie Tempest, English opera star.

ALICE ALSO GAVE her an introduction to Mrs. Theodore A. Havemeyer, a leader of New York's original "400," which led to a commission from the society woman. This started the "paint-

er-in-little" in her phenomenal rise to success. She then opened a fine studio in the Windsor Hotel, raised her prices from \$60 to \$400, and received commissions from most of New York's society women.

Twice she had her miniatures exhibited at the women's portrait exhibition at the National Academy of Design. Her fame spread to Chicago, where her family moved, and there she painted 16 miniatures of the Armour family alone as well as those of many other prominent families.

A friendship made with Mrs. Arthur Paget, wife of a South African millionaire and a member of the court circles of London, caused her to go to London in 1896. There she painted Mme. Melba, the prima donna; Conuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, and most of the famous women in the court circle.



**THIS LED** to exhibit of her work in the National Gallery in London and, eventually, to a commission to paint the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII. Besides paying her a large sum, the Prince gave her a diamond

and emerald necklace (later she gave the gems to England for war relief work and had them replaced with synthetic stones) and a diamond brooch, a replica of his prize-winning race horse, Persimmon.

She raised her price to \$1,000 and eventually got as high as \$4,000 for one miniature. Not only was she then accepted socially in London's court circles, but New York's "400" began to recognize her.

Through Mrs. Paget, Amalia went to St. Petersburg, Russia, in March of 1899. There she painted Grand Duchess Marie Vladimir and was summoned to the Winter Palace to make miniatures of both the Czar and Czarina of Russia. Besides payment for these, she received gifts of a bracelet, necklace and ring of diamonds and rubies.

+ + +

**WITH NO INTRODUCTION,** Amalia next went to Capetown, South Africa, where she got a commission to paint Cecil Rhodes, the "Diamond King." Caught in the Boer War there, she came out by ox team and horseback and returned to this country.

Her marriage to Captain Charles Dupont Coudert, scion of a wealthy French-American family, took place July 4, 1900, in the sacristy of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. She then had all the fame, wealth and social position she desired, and the fad of having one's portrait painted in miniature on ivory was waning.

So, she did then only what she felt would add to her reputation or people who inspired her. She and her husband traveled on the Riviera, in England and Egypt, and spent a year in an old castle in Germany. Finally, they settled at Windlesham Hall in Surrey, England, spending Summers at Dachstein in the Austrian Tyrol. She died of a lung ailment in May of 1932 in Switzerland. Her husband is now living there.

+ + +

**AMALIA'S PARENTS** both died at her home. Her sister, Louise, who gained recognition for her beautiful voice, was married there to John Wells Cloud, an American. Louise is now 95 years old and is living at Magnolia House in Sunningdale, Berks. Both couples became English subjects.

Albert, her brother, married Mary Pettit of Wabash and gained fame as a pianist and composer. He died two years before Amalia at his home in St. Petersburg, Fla., and is buried in Highland Lawn Cemetery here.





When little more than a child, Amalia painted this tile for the fireplace of her aunt in Terre Haute.



A miniature by Amalia of Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, a relative of Winston Churchill is owned by Weinhardt.

ivory, gold, porcelain — with brushes made from the hair of the English squirrel.

For more than 20 years, a Hoosier girl fascinated those who could pay for it with her peculiar ability to translate a human face into a tiny, airy grace and form that could adorn a gentleman's gold-headed cane, his snuff box, or even his ring.

Miniatures on ivory and porcelain by Amalia Kussner, once of Terre Haute, now are collector's items.

A BEAUTY herself, she had a fabulous career. Her infinite skill in the technique of the tiny took her to New York, to European capitals at, in those days, fortunes for painting miniatures for the wealthy, the famous, royalty.

The story of Amalia Kussner is often told to friends by Carl J. Weinhardt, 4833 North Meridian Street, Indianapolis, and Golden Isle, Hallandale, Fla., and his brothers, Allen Weinhardt of Terre Haute and Robert Weinhardt of Elysian Way, East Liverpool, O. Their father, Allen Weinhardt, was a first cousin of the artist.

Amalia was the daughter of Lorenz Kussner, native of Germany, who came to Crawfordsville and married Emmaline Weinhardt, whose family also had come from Germany. Amalia and her sister, Louise—who made a name for herself as a vocalist—were born in Crawfordsville before the family moved to Greencastle

(Continued on Next Page)



(3)

**A WORLD-FAMOUS MINIATURE PAINTER**

(Continued from Page 35)

Amalia  
Kussner  
LIBRARY

**MEADOWS BRANCH LIBRARY**



MISS AMALIA KÜSSNER.

Amalia Kussner was famous as a miniature painter when this photograph was taken. She is dressed in style of the 90's.

and then to Terre Haute. A son, Albert, who became a pianist and composer, was born several years later.

Musical instruments and merchandise were sold in the father's store, called "Palace

of Music," which was in a large stone building, now Memorial Hall. The family lived on the second floor.

Amalia was enrolled in St. Mary-of-the-Woods Academy in 1872, at the age of 6,

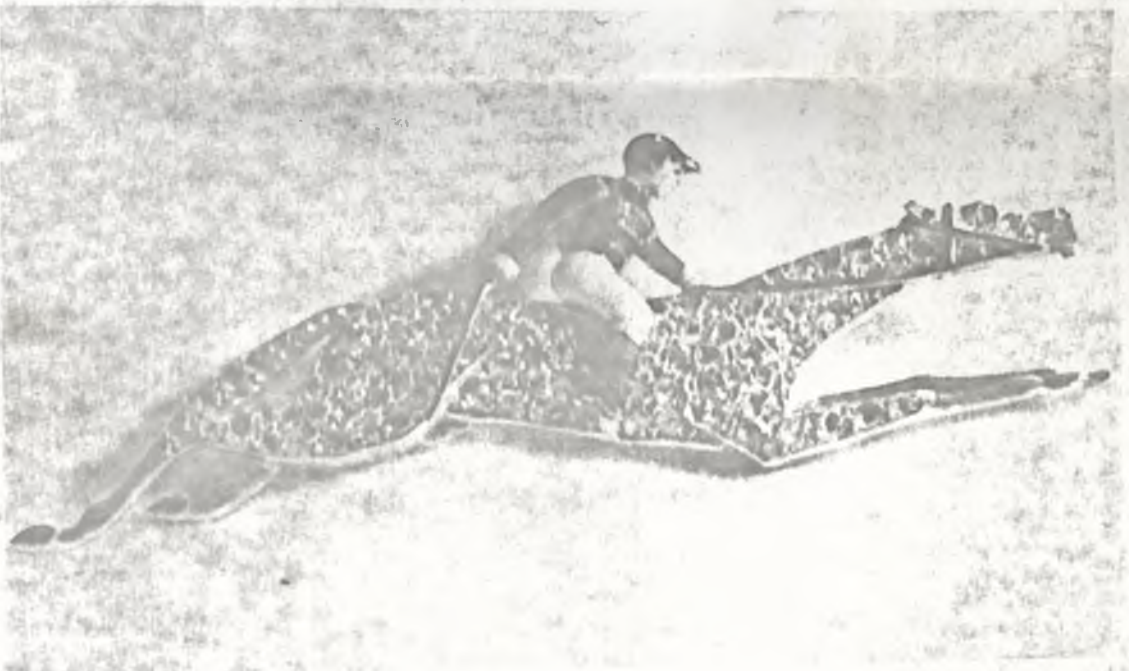
youngest pupil ever to attend the school. Her art training was started there under Sister Maurice, who was responsible for her enthusiasm for painting.

For several years Amalia studied at the academy and under private tutors. Eighty years ago she was graduated from Wiley High School in Terre Haute. Then she studied again at St. Mary's and a year in New York at Mme. de Silva's and Mrs. Bradford's fashionable boarding school.

HER INTEREST in painting - in - little resulted from a miniature given her when she was a child. Her technique and style were entirely her own; she never had a lesson in miniature painting and did not study past masters of the art.

Exhibits in her home town and selling miniatures to its wealthier citizens did not satisfy her ambitions. Back to New York went Amalia and she looked up an old friend, Alice Fischer, a Terre Haute woman who had made a success on Broadway. Amalia got a job as staff artist at Tiffany's, then opened a small studio. Alice helped her get commissions to paint Lillian Russell, America's glamorous prima donna, and Marie Tempest, English opera star.

An introduction to Mrs. Theodore A. Havemeyer, a leader of New York's original "400," led to a commission. When Amalia crossed



This brooch, modeled after his horse, Persimmon, was presented Amalia by King Edward VII of England in 1897 when he was Prince of Wales. It is now at St. Mary-of-the-Woods College.

MARCH 12, 1961





Carl J. Weinhardt now has the necklace which Prince of Wales gave Amalia. Diamonds were replaced with replicas in 1914.

the threshold of this lady's mansion in 1892, success was assured.

AMALIA established a studio in the Windsor Hotel and raised her prices from \$60 to \$400. She received commissions from most of New York's society women—among them Mrs. William Astor, known as the "Queen of the 400," and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, and daughter, Mrs. Marshall Orme Wilson; Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, a relative of Winston Churchill; Mrs. Oliver Hazard Perry Belmont, Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg, greatest horsewoman in New York; Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Frank Tilford, Mrs. Robert Goellet and Mrs. Oliver Harriman.

Her miniatures twice were exhibited at the Women's Portrait Exhibition at the National Academy of Design.

Amalia's family moved to Chicago and there she went to paint 16 miniatures in the Armour family alone, as well as one of Mrs. Cyrus Hall McCormick and others.

Mrs. Arthur Paget, wife of a South African millionaire, who was in the court circles of London, commissioned Amalia to paint her

while she was visiting in New York in 1896. A friendship developed between the two and Mrs. Paget took Amalia to London.

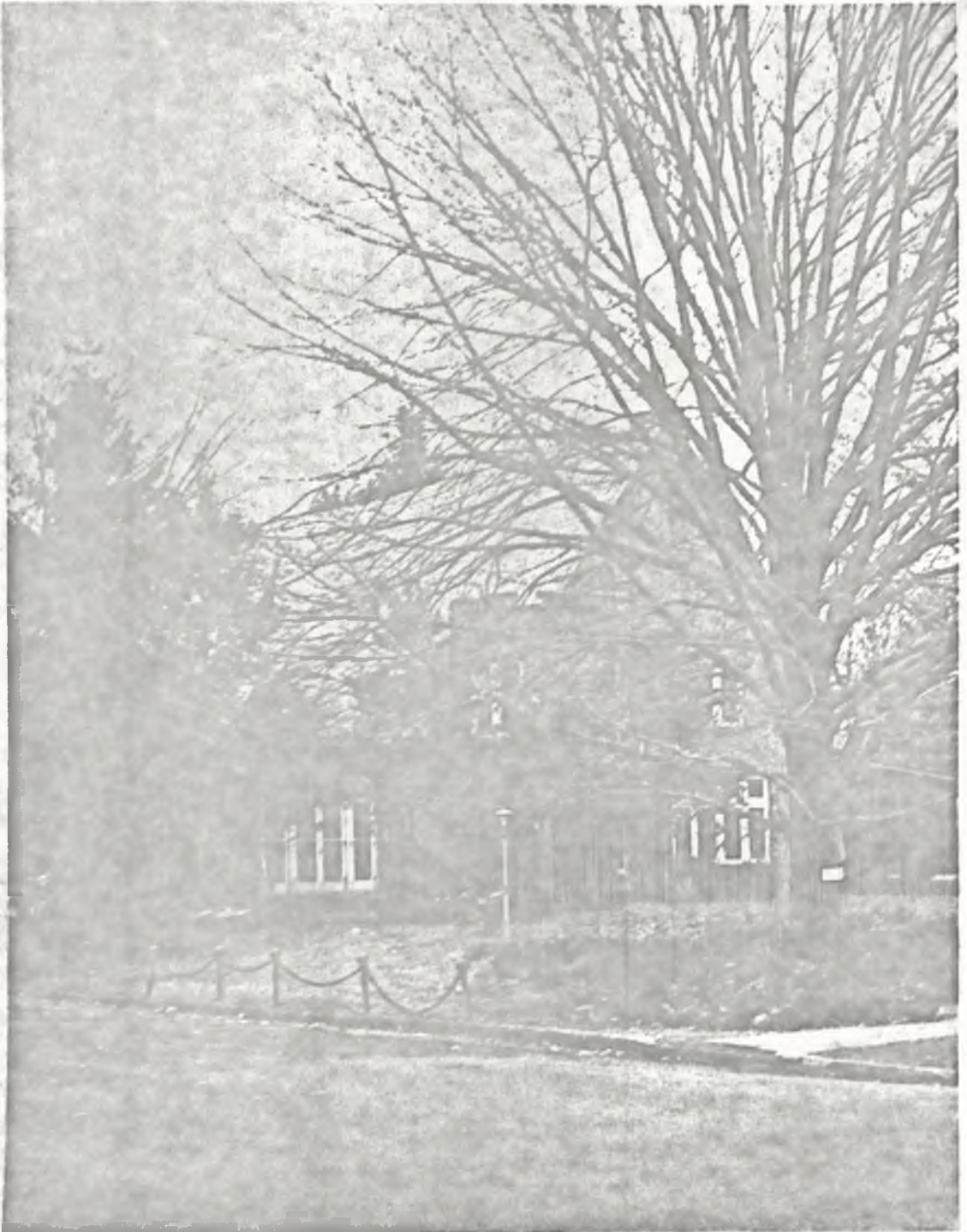
She painted Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, an American heiress, and soon had commissions from Countess Georgina Dudley; Lily, Duchess of Marlborough; Miss Muriel Wilson, daughter of a wealthy shipowner of Hull; Lady Feodrovna Sturt, Mme. Melba, the prima donna, numerous other ladies and duchesses.

ALL THIS led to an exhibit at the National Gallery in London and, eventually, to a commission to paint the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII. In the six sittings for the portrait, the two became friends and upon completion of the miniature, the Prince sent Amalia a check enclosed in a three-page letter, and a handsome jeweled necklace. For her interest in his prize-winning horse, Persimmon, he also gave her a diamond brooch that was a replica of the horse.

Having painted royalty, Amalia increased her price

(Continued on Next Page)





This is the home of Carl J. Weinhardt, 4833 North Meridian Street, Indianapolis, who has many mementoes of his famous cousin, Amalia. He and his brothers enjoy telling her story.

to \$1,000. Eventually she got as high as \$4,000 for one portrait. This did not stop such women as the famous Mrs. John W. Mackay, Lady Warwick, one of the Prince's favorites, or New York's "400," from ordering miniatures.

Although Amalia had not been accepted socially in New York, she was welcomed to the court circles of London.

In March, 1899, Mrs. Paget arranged for Amalia to go to St. Petersburg, Russia, to make a miniature of her friend, Grand Duchess Marie Vladimir. Before this portrait was even started, the artist was summoned to the Winter Palace to paint the Czarina. For this she received 2,657 francs (1,000 rubles) as

well as a gift of a bracelet of diamonds and rubies. Amalia got to know the royal couple and their two children well, and was accepted in court circles.

At the last sitting of the Czarina, Czar Nicholas II requested her to start a miniature of him. Again, upon completion of the miniature, the artist received another check for the same amount, and a gift of a necklace and ring.

Amalia then went to Capetown, South Africa, hoping to paint Cecil Rhodes, the "Diamond King." Although she went without a letter of introduction, Amalia got the commission.

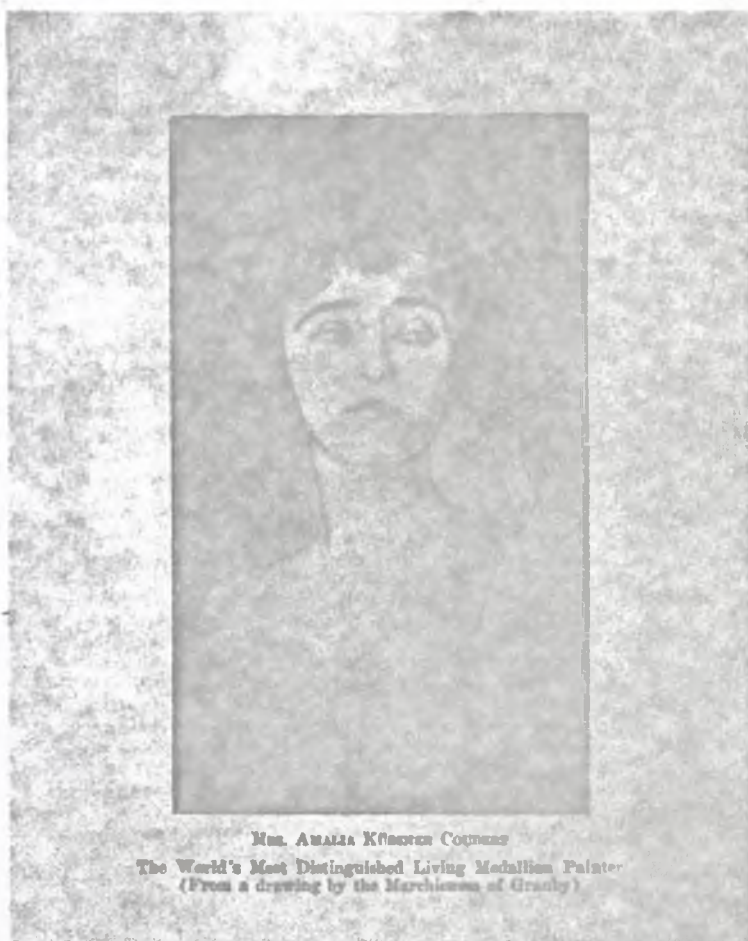
When the Boer War started, Amalia fled the coun-

try and returned to the United States.

SHE WAS met at the dock in New York by Charles DuPont Coudert, scion of a wealthy French-American family, whom she had met and fallen in love with two years before in France. He had been a captain serving with Dewey in the Spanish-American War, and was now in the Coudert law firm in New York.

On July 4, 1900, they were married in the sacristy of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. Amalia now had all the fame, wealth and social position she could desire, so she decided to paint only what would add to her reputation or people who inspired her.





Mrs. AMALIA KRIEGER COULTER  
The World's Most Distinguished Living Medallion Painter  
(From a drawing by the Marchioness of Granby)

Reproduction of drawing of Amalia by Marchioness of Granby.  
Many illustrated articles about Amalia appeared in magazines.



Memorial Hall in Terre Haute formerly was "Palace of Music" operated by Amalia's father. Family lived on second floor.

She painted such special people as Lady Allington, wife of the Prime Minister; Mrs. Arthur Hamilton Lee, former New York heiress and wife of the Civil Lord of the Admiralty; Queen Maud of Norway, the youngest daughter of King Edward, and Mrs. George Jay Gould and son, George, of New York.

FOR THE 10 years following her marriage, Amalia and her husband traveled on the Riviera, in England and Egypt, and spent a year in an old castle in Germany. Eventually, they settled at Windlesham Hall in Surrey, England, spending summers at Dachstein, in the Austrian Tyrol.

Amalia's parents both died at her home and her sis-

ter, Louise, was married there to John Wells Cloud, an American who was president of the Westinghouse Air Brake Company in charge of the business abroad. Louise still lives at Magnolia House in Sunningdale, Berks. Both couples became English subjects.

Albert married Mary Pettit of Wabash and died two years before Amalia at his home in St. Petersburg, Fla.

Amalia died of a lung ailment in May of 1932 in Switzerland.

THE MANY lovely miniatures she left behind may be found in homes and museums all over the world.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



(1)

MEADOWS BRANCH LIBRARY



The beautiful and glamorous Amalia Kussner of Terre Haute had one of the most fabulous careers of any Hoosier. Royalty and socially elite were her patrons.

# A WORLD-FAMOUS MINIATURE PAINTER

By FRANCES E. HUGHES

**F**OR MOST of us there is a fascination in the very small.

We are entranced with ships in bottles, the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin,

tiny, intricate models of big things. The painting of miniature portraits was more than a fad for 300 years. A miniature was in the class with an

expensive jewel. There was no mass production of miniatures.

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MARCH 12, 1961



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The Sat. Spect.

5/6/1910

The official census total for South Bend is 63,684, an increase of 13,485 since 1900 and for Fort Wayne 63,023. An increase of 18,818 since 1900. The hope has been that Terre Haute would surpass Fort Wayne, but to do so the increase had to be more than 26,00. Surely we have not been beaten by South Bend. And yet if we had we would know that our population is not so alien as that of the wagon and plow making town where the foreign and unassimilated population which, desirable in one sense and from an employer's standpoint, is not wholly desirable from a citizenship standpoint. Witness the rioting last week. These foreigners are not lawbreakers solely because they came here from countries where they were oppressed and with resistance to the authority of law instilled into them. Politicians are largely to blame. Dr. E. A. Steiner, of the Iowa University, who makes a study of the immigration problem, took a group of Austrian Poles into South Bend. He says: "The men were sitting around waiting for work. An American came in, the first American of the better type they had ever seen. He was well dressed and a most affable and agreeable person. He surprised them by his exceeding graciousness, for to them he was a superior being. He shook hands with every one and invited them up to the bar. He invited them again and again and filled them up until they didn't really know whether they were North Poles or South Poles. It appeared that it was election day, and in spite of the fact that those Poles had only been two days in South Bend. After he had them in proper condition he took them out and voted them. So this man gave these foreigners their first impression of American politics and of the duties of citizenship in this republic. And so it is these newcomers to our country are corrupted. The fellow who led these men to the polls and voted them is yet in South Bend, a very prominent citizen."

**Death of Miss Martha Gilbert**

Miss Martha Gilbert, youngest daughter of the late Curtis Gilbert, died early Friday morning, August 5th, at her home, in Tryon, North Carolina, after a long illness.

Miss Gilbert was born in Terre

...losing ten of the thirteen games they made seventy-one hits to the opponents' eighty-four and broke about even on errors, which suggests the old question as to what is the matter with the club? If runs and hits were better balanced there would not have been such disparity in the games won. The team is reorganized to a considerable extent and in the long home series may do much to redeem itself.

**G. A. R. Memorial Hall—**

The offer of \$4,000 for the old State Bank building on Ohio street, opposite the court house, has been accepted by Mrs. L. Kussner, who now lives in Chicago, and the G. A. R. will have a home and museum. After the monument in the court house yard had been paid for there was a balance in the treasury of the monument association and to this was added \$2,000 received by the committee on privileges for the week of the G. A. R. encampment. It is the intention to rearrange the interior to provide a meeting place for the G. A. R. posts, reading and social rooms and a place in which to keep on exhibition relics of the war. The building was constructed to last many years and when the interior has been rearranged the old soldiers will know that there is a memorial that will stand practically as long as will the shaft in the court house yard.

**County and City Cash Drawers—**

County Treasurer Bolton, in his report for July of receipts, disbursements and balances, shows a balance of \$194,269.06 in the city funds. The receipts during the month were \$37,780.66 and disbursements \$40,430.98. The balance is deposited in the banks as follows: McKean National, \$52,933.10; First National, \$43,006.92; Terre Haute Trust Company, \$37,833.40; Terre Haute National, \$32,103.53 and United States Trust Company, \$27,372.11. The interest paid on the deposits in the month was \$315.18. In the county fund there is a balance of \$109,345.49, and the month's receipts were \$96,410.12 and disbursements \$135,345.49. Both city and county funds show a depreciation in the balance as compared with that of July 1, which is to be expected at this time in the year. The county funds are deposited

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# Art World Loses Esteemed Member Through the Death of Amalia Kussner



WITH the death of Amalia Kussner (Mrs. Charles DuPont Coudert), American miniature portrait painter, recently, close acquaintances have lost a loyal friend. Those who admired her art and personal charm have lost an ideal in all that is beautiful in life. And the world of art has lost one of its esteemed members.

Amalia Kussner was a Western girl and her work is imbued with the freshness of the West. In the home, from earliest childhood, she was surrounded by influences of the highest order. Being fired, however, with the burning desire to try out the talent from which later developed her great art, she went to New York when only in her teens and there began a career which was unique in attaining quick recognition. She possessed that freedom from conventions, that frankness in speech, that broad and elastic imagination in thought which at once appeals to lovers of dash and daring. While her miniatures have a flowerlike delicacy, there is a brilliance of color—a glow on the ivory—which quite differs from those of earlier schools and pronounces them distinctly original in conception. Hers has been called—and rightly—the “rose-leaf art,” because of the rare delicacy of execution yet always so

truly adhering to the portrayal of her subject.

## Great Portrait Painter.

The story of the rise to success of Amalia Kussner reads like a beautiful romance. Early evincing the genius which ultimately led to her

eled to England, France, Italy, Austria—in each of the large cities making new friends, achieving new triumphs. Famous sitters, drawn to her by the accuracy and skill of her brush, never failed to become lifelong friends. Among these figure such names as Rodin, French sculptor; the celebrated art critic, Sir



PORTRAIT OF AMALIA KUSSNER. (CONDERT).

brilliant career, she soon achieved the pinnacle of her ambitions, becoming recognized as the greatest miniature portrait painter of her time—which enviable title she retained to the end. And to no other influence than her own personal charm and the exquisite beauty of her art, does she owe this signal triumph. In spite of her extreme youth, she became one of the staff of artists in the Tiffany studios of New York, but after only a short period of time spent there she was told that she was endowed with what could not be paid for in money—genius—and through acquaintance in prominent families in the city she was definitely launched in that career which was to lead her into many lands.

Miniatures from her magic brush were sought by the leaders of the exclusive and moneyed families, and so winning was her manner and so earnest her intent to attain the cherished goal, ambition was soon crowned with success. Hers was a family of distinction and she gracefully fitted into the social position by which she found herself surrounded. From New York she trav-

John Millais, director of the national gallery, London, and outstanding names in literature, music and art. Besides the portraits made of a long list of the elite of the prominent and fashionable world of notables in New York, Chicago and the capitals of Europe, she traveled into far lands in order to execute certain highly flattering commissions. At the express invitation of the late Cecil Rhodes, she made the trip to South Africa, where she painted the portrait of the diamond king. Her paramount success was the command from his Majesty, King Edward of England, who later became deeply interested in her career. She visited London, remaining there several months, during which time his portrait was completed.

## Resident-Guest at Kremlin.

Perhaps the most unique of all of her wanderings was the wonderful sojourn into Russia. Again, having been commanded by royalty, she traveled to Moscow, Russia, accompanied by her faithful maid as companion, where she was a resident-

guest at the Kremlin, palace of the czars, during the time required for the execution of the portraits made of the Czar, Czarina, Grand Duchess Olga and others of the imperial family. She remained many months in the palace and the narratives of her experiences in social life and the thrilling adventures of travel—told naively as by a child—read like a fairy tale. Her article, entitled “The Human Side of the Czar,” published by the Century magazine shortly after her return from Russia, gives an intimate and graphic description of her impressions of the members of the imperial family and of court life in Moscow during the time she remained at the Kremlin.

The marriage of Amalia Kussner and Capt. Charles DuPont Coudert was solemnized in New York just after her return from South Africa. For a number of years they resided in the Coudert home in New York, but, being seized by the “wanderlust,” the lure of travel again drew them to their much loved haunts in old Europe, where they spent many years in extensive travel. In 1914 they became permanent residents of England, having made purchase of the fine old English manor house, Windlesham Hall, near London, where their cordial hospitality is widely known.

Amalia Kussner was petite of stature, exquisitely molded, with masses of dark hair outlining a lovely oval face of unusual vivacity of expression. Her mind was a type of highest culture. She was a deep thinker, was versed in literature and music as well as in art. She spoke French and German fluently, was brilliant in repartee. With her broad experience of environment and travel, she easily attained not only fame as an artist, but became a distinguished social leader in New York, Chicago, London, Paris and Vienna. She was kindly, generous, open-handed—ever responding eagerly to worthy calls for aid—winsome and childlike—to the end, unspoiled by fame.

## King Gives Her Necklace.

Gifts of rare value were showered upon the artist by admirers of her work as tokens of their love and esteem. Among these was a priceless necklace of diamonds, presented by his Majesty, King Edward VII. In August, 1914, this necklace was sold, the purchase price being sent to Lord Roberts (and accepted by him) with the request that it be used as a nucleus for a fund to aid wounded British soldiers.

Amalia Kussner was a sister of Albert Kussner, American composer, whose death occurred two years ago at St. Petersburg, Fla. His exquisite musical compositions have been known and played in America and in many foreign lands. More than once has Amalia remarked that her most valuable critic—although the most severe—was this adored brother. It was he who, as a mere boy, dexterously removed the rich old ivory from the keys of discarded pianos in their father's establishment, which were used by the artist for her first efforts in miniature painting. To the end that these two

members of one family have written their names into international fame by the talents so richly bestowed upon them.

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REMINISCENCES OF AMELIA  
KUESSNER.

One of the pleasant memories of my childhood is that of a Christmas Day spent at the home of the now famous miniature painter Amelia Kuessner, in Terre Haute, Indiana.

I, with my sister, was invited to attend the lighting of the Christmas tree and to spend the day with the family. We went early in order to enjoy the Christmas tree festivities. Each one received a gift which greatly pleased us, mine being a complete set of pewter dishes, characteristic of the German pre-eminence in toy-making which was put up in the quaintest of boxes, ornamented with swans on the cover.

The Christmas dinner, served in German fashion, was a revelation to me, from the time when passing by the kitchen in my play, I had seen the cook rubbing lemon over the roasting turkey. Each one was expected to cut his own slice of bread, and rather than ask some one to cut a piece for me, I went without.

After spending the afternoon in games and songs, we returned home happy and delighted to tell of our first Christmas spent in German fashion, and, in particular, pleased with my new-found friend, dark-eyed little "Mollie."

This was the first of a number of visits which I enjoyed in her home while in Terre Haute, and each time the visit was made memorable by the traditional German hospitality.

Afterwards, at long intervals, we learned of the welfare and progress of her family. Her sister Louise developed more than ordinary ability as a vocalist, and, studying with the celebrated master, Errani, and with her brother, Albert, emulated her father as a composer. Amelia was not behind them in intellectual development. When she was graduated from the high school of her city, with honor, her essay was rendered in German from a celebrated couplet of Goethe.

Later she gave evidence of great artistic talent and ever since has given especial attention to obtaining a high standard of excellence, varying her art studies with individual and persevering research into the decadent art of miniature painting.

Her history from this time is very familiar to the American reading public; how discouraged and unrecognized she sought the patronage and personal influence of a well known leader of the four hundred of New York, and having secured her favor and unqualified endorsement, she entered upon an artistic and social career unparalleled for its brilliancy, unless by Angelica Kauffmann.

Her success is especially unusual from the fact that she follows no school, no master. Her methods are all her own—perfect methods—but original.

The rich coloring and delicacy of treatment suggests the French school, but only suggests it.

Some years ago her family removed from Terre Haute to Chicago and from that time I heard nothing of them until the fame of Amelia added another star, and that a brilliant one, to the galaxy of gifted Indiana women.

Ida Virginia Smith.

Sept. 26, '96.

TH paper



~~the~~ THE ONLOOKER--Oct. 12, 1891--NOUVEAU ART--interview with A.K.

THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN--April 29, 1893--Picture of her and story ~~of~~  
"Of a Certain Painter-in-Little." picture  
of her with a dog.

~~THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN~~

THE THEATRE--Feb. 18, 1893--"ART AND SHOP."

*Broadway Magazine - Sept. 14, 1894 - pic. artist Mrs. Mackay & Lady Sturt*  
CAMPBELL'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY--Feb. 1895--picture of her

✓ CHICAGO TRIBUNE--Sept. 23, 1895--"Fame in Two Years," rapid rise of a  
Chicago girl in the world of art.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE--Oct. 20, 1895--"The Miniature Fad and Its Devotees" with  
her picture and ones of Mrs. J.O. Armour  
and Havemeyer

✓ CAMPBELL'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY--Feb. 1895--Large picture of her and  
story "Miss A. K., Her Great Artistic Talent  
the Wonder of All High Art Critics."

✓ MINNEAPOLIS TIMES--March 3, 1895--Story on "A Miniature Painter," a gifted  
artist whose story reads like a romance." Picture  
of her surrounded by pics. of miniatures of Mrs.  
Frank Tilford of N. Y., Mrs. J.O. Armour of Chicago  
Mrs. Richard Townsend of New York, Mrs. Lorillard  
Spender of N.Y., Mrs. T.A. Havemeyer of N. Y., and  
Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger of N. Y.

HARPER'S BAZAAR--Feb. 2, 1895--full page of "A Painter of Miniatures" by  
Nancy Huston Banks, with pic. of her, Mrs. M. A.  
Tyler, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kern of Chicago (he  
the Hon.), Mrs. William L. Scott, Mrs. Charles  
Harnot Strong and Miss Flora Scott Strong.

~~full~~ FULL SIZE PICTURE OF HER BY ALFRED ELLIS OF N.Y., IN Sept. 9, 1896,  
issue of THE SKETCH.

THE SKETCH--Sept. 9, 1896--Picture of A.K. from photo by Alfred Ellis  
of N. Y., also pics. of Lady Dudley, Sturt, Lady  
Colebrooke, sister-in-law of Mrs. A. Paget (Fall of  
1896); Paget, Wilson and Von Andre.

Mrs. J. Ogden Armour of Chicago had three miniatures made by A.K.,  
Duchess of Marlborough also had three made.

MUNSEY MAGAZINE--December, 1896--Pics. of Muriel Wilson, Countess of  
Warwick, Colebrooke and Countess of Dudley miniature

ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN--Oct. 10, 1896 "In the Wider Sphere" Pic. of  
A.K. and one of Duchess of Marlborough miniature

MUNSEY MAGAZINE--Dec. 1894--"Modern Miniature Painting," pics. of Spencer  
J.O. Armour, Townsend, Merritt, Tilford, Strong and  
Havemeyer miniatures.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE --July 26, 1896--"Famous Chicago Girls"--Miss K. and "The  
Columbians," pic. of A.K.

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS--March 24 25, 1896--"A Remarkable Success," pic. of A.K



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PICTURES AND STORIES

- TERRE HAUTE MAIL--Sept. 2, 1895--"A T.H. Girl Who Is Making Herself Famous In The Art World."  
Fame and Wealth Within
- TERRE HAUTE GAZETTE--Sept. 9, 1895--"Miss A.K., ~~The Miniature Painter~~  
~~Her Grasp.~~"
- ✓ CHICAGO SUN-Times-Herald--March 1, 1896--"Miniatures the Rage," pics.  
of Walker, Cyrus H. McCormick and Ogden Armour.
- CHICAGO TRIBUNE--Oct. 12, 1897--"Miss A. K., the Miniature Painter,  
At Home," pic of A. K.
- CHICAGO TRIBUNE--Sept. 24, 1896--"Miss A. K., Home--Famous Young  
Miniature Painter Visits Chicago" pic. of A. K.
- CHICAGO INTEROCEAN--Sept. 27, 1896--ART NOTES--pic of artist, Duchess  
of Marlborough, Wilson and Paget.
- N. Y. Daily News--Sept. 23, 1896--"A Lovely Miniature," pic of Duchess  
of Marlborough.
- THE COSMOPOLITAN--Nov., 1894--"PORTRAITS OF WOMEN" pictures of Merritt,  
Havemeyer, J. O. Armour and Spencer.
- AMERICAN WOMAN'S HOME JOURNAL OF N. Y.--Sunday, Feb. 28, 1897--One page  
of pic., of A. K. "The Most Famous Miniatures She Has  
Painted"-- the artist, Miss Flora Strong, Mrs. Tyler,  
Mrs. Paget, Miss Townsend and Mrs. Mayer.
- ~~The~~ THE "400"--May, 1897--Picture of artist.
- CHICAGO INTEROCEAN--Oct. 10, 1897--Pictures of A.K. from her latest  
London photo
- NEW YORK HERALD--Oct. 10, 1897--Pics. of Miss Goelet and Duchess of  
Marlborough.
- 82 DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE--July, 1897--"An American Miniature Painter"--  
Pics. of A.K., Townsend, Duchess of Marlborough, Paget,  
Mayer, James, Dutcher, Walker and Miss Strong.
- N.Y. Herald--April 8, 1897--"Some Society Leaders"--pics. of Belmont,  
Blight and Wilson
- THE ILLUSTRATED--Aug. 7, 1897--pic. of artist.
- 82 NEW YORK TIMES--Oct. 30, 1897--"A Brilliant N. Y. Girl"--pic of A.K.
- NEW YORK JOURNAL--Sunday, Dec. 12, 1897--pics. of James, Von Andre,  
Dudley, Balfour and Wilson.
- N. Y. Journal--pictures of artist, blight, gilbert, Goelet, Armour,  
Mayer, F. D. Armour, Belmont and McCormick.
- ✓ DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE--July, 1897--Three pages on "An American Miniature  
Painter" A.K., picture of A.K., Consuelo, Duchess of  
Marlborough, London; Mrs. "Willie" James, Mrs. John  
Mayer, Miss Mathilde Townsend, N.Y., granddaughter of  
William L. Scott; Mrs. Arthur Paget, London; Miss Thora  
Strong, Mrs. W. S. Walker, Chicago, Mrs. John Gerow  
Dutcher,



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PICTURES AND STORIES

NEW YORK JOURNAL--Dec. 12, 1897--full page of pictures in color of Mrs. "Willie James, London; Lady Georgiana Dudley, London; Mrs. Edward Balfour, London; Mme. Von Andre, London (1896) Miss Muriel Wilson, London; Mrs. C.H.P. Belmont, N. Y. (1897), Miss Alice Blight, N. Y. (1897), Mrs. Harry Bramhal Gilbert, N.Y.; Mrs. Cyrus H. McCormick, Chicago (Summer of 1895), Mrs. Philip D. Armour, Chicago; Mrs. J. Ogden Armour, Chicago (1895) Miss Mae Goelet, American heiress (1897) and Mrs. John Mayer.

WOMAN'S LIFE--Jan. 1, 1898--two pages "A Lady Miniature Painter Who Earns 200 lbs. a ~~day~~ Miniature," a chat with Miss A. K., pictures of the artist, and of Lady Feo Sturt of London (Fall, 1896) and Lady Dudley, London.

New York Journal and Advertiser--Dec. 4, 1898--full page of pictures in color. Miss Atherton Blight, Mrs. M. A. Tyler, Mrs. E. Reeve Merritt, Miss Goelet, Miss Townsend, Mrs. Belmont, Miss Eleanor LeRoy, cousin of Mrs. George Vanderbilt; of N.Y. Mrs. Arthur Paget, daughter of Mrs. Paren Stevens, of London; Lady Sophie Scott, daughter of Earl of Cadagan, England's greatest beauty (1898); Mrs. Orme Wilson, N.Y., youngest daughter of Mrs. ~~z~~ Astor (1897); Mrs. Dutcher, Marthilde Townsend, Mrs. Alfred Harmsworth (later Lady), London; Mrs. Tilford, and Mrs. John W. Mackay.

N.Y. HERALD--April 17, 1898--Pic. of Mrs. McLane Van Ingen (nee Terrell) and Mrs. William P Thompson (nee Blight)

N.Y. JOURNAL--Dec. 18, 1898--~~the~~ "Miss K's Miniatures Gone"--she said her art had been slighted at Academy of Design.

PICTURE OF MRS. A.K.COUDERT PAINTED BY AMANDA BREWSTER SEWELL.

THE CERAMIC MONTHLY--May, 1899--Miss A.K. Miniature Painter seriously ill  
END OF HORSE SHOW, 1898, STALL, TRACK AND STABLE--picture of great show horse Ivanhoe.

N.Y. HERALD--Dec. 17, 1898--"Trouble at Portrait Show."

The PHILADELPHIA ENQUIRER--Sunday, March 12, 1899 --whole page of colored pictures of Duchess of Marlborough, Mrs. McClelland, Miss Alice Blight, Strong, Mackay, Van Ingen and Miss Townsend.

the illustrated AMERICAN MAGAZINE--April, 1899--"FROM THE KUSSNER GALERY OF MINIATURES" by Gilson Willets--Picture of artist and of Mrs. Mackay. Also in April, pictures of Blight, Tyler, Lady Sophie Scott, Miss Townsend, Countess of Dudley, Gilbert and Lady Sturt,

KANSAS CITY, MO., JOURNAL--Nov. 27, 1899--"American Girl in Beleagured City"--picture of A.K.

WORCHESTER, MASS. SPY--Nov. 30, 1899--"AMERICAN GIRL SHUT UP IN Kimberly."

CHICAGO POST--Nov. 24, 1899--"A.K. Miniaturist and Chicago Girl in South Africa."



# PICTURES AND STORIES

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE--Oct. 27, 1899--"Capt. Coudert Back from Manila."

PHILADELPHIA ENQUIRER--<sup>Sunday</sup> March 12, 1899--whole page in color--pics. of Duchess of Marlborough, Blight, Van Ingen, Mrs. Charles Strong, Mrs. McClelland, Mrs. Mackay, Townsend and artist.

PHILADELPHIA ENQUIRER--July 16, 1899--"Czar Applaudes Our Dewey--He Admires American People."

THE LADIES' FIELD--Oct. 1, 1898--two pages "The Field of Art" by A.K. pics. of Goelet, Duchess of Marl., Miss Balfour and artist.

MILWAUKEE SENTINEL--Feb. 20, 1898--"Gained Fame by Fate"--A.K. sister tells of her career,

~~the~~ THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN--Oct. 28, 1898--"ANOTHER AMERICAN ARTIST IN LONDON" pics. of A.K., Balfour, Goelet, James and Duchess of Marlborough.

N.Y. World--Jan. 4, 1899--picture of A. K.

THE INDIANA WOMAN--April 1, 1899--"Miss A. K., Miniature Painter." Whole page picture of her with dog and three miniatures.

AMERICAN MAGAZINE--supplement of N. Y. Journal--Nov. 19, 1899--"Beleagured in Kimberley" her picture and that of Nancy H. Banks and Rhodes in color. Whole page.

N. Y. HERALD--Sunday, Jan. 1, 1899--half page--"Miniatures of Mrs. J. J. Astor and Two Other New York Ladies by Miss K." These are part of exhibit regained by artist from Portrait Show. Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. W.P. Thompson, nee Edith Blight, and Gilbert.

INDIANAPOLIS NEWS--May 13, 1899--"FAMOUS FOR MINIATURES". Pic. of artist.

N.Y. JOURNAL--July 16, 1899--"A.K. Interviews the Czar" American girl who painted the Czar says he likes us--pic of artist.

CHICAGO INTEROCEAN--July 22, 1899--"Miss K. Triumphs in Russia" pic of A.K.

~~Chicago~~ "OUR MISS K." no name or date--"American Girl Has Many Experiences In Europe."

N.Y. Press--July 16, 1899--"She Painted Czar's Miniature."

SAN FRANCISCO BULLETIN--July 15, 1899--"Painted the Russian Czar" pic of her

JOHNSTOWN N.Y. REPUBLICAN--Dec. 8, 1899 "The Work of Woman."

PHILADELPHIA TIMES--July 16, 1899--"THIS AMERICAN GIRL IS PAINTING MINIATURE OF CZAR" pic of artist.

TERRE HAUTE EXPRESS--Nov. 21, 1899--"THE CAUSE OF IT ALL," A.K. the subject of a Crawfordsville Romance."

WASHINGTON POST--interview

CHICAGO RECORD--Nov. 1, 1899--story



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PICTURES AND STORIES

TERRE HAUTE EXPRESS--"The Old Skating Rinkz# Sold."

LESLIE'S WEEKLY--July 13, 1899--"People Talked About." pic. of A.K.

The Century Magazine--Sept., 1900--picture of King and Czar.

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE--Nov. 13, 1899--"A.K., The Miniaturist, WHO IS  
Beleagured in Kimberly." picture of artist.

Dallas, Tex.--Jan. 3, 1900--"A.K.'s Welcome."

Cincinnati Post--Nov. 22, 1899--"In The Siege of Kimberly Are Two  
American ~~Women~~ Women." pic. of her.

N. Y. Review in GERMAN--March 25, 1900--pic. of A.K. and written by her.

BOSTON TRAVELER--March 16, 1900--picture of A. K.

BOSTON POST--Feb. 24, 1900--"Miss K. on Rhodes" pic of her.

N.Y.EVENING WORLD--Feb. 21, 1900--"Famous Artist Comes Home from  
Africa" pic of A. K.

N.Y. JOURNAL--Feb. ~~1900~~ 1900--"A.K. Due Today" pic of A. K.

N.Y. WORLD--Feb. 23, 1900--"Dainty Miss K. Praises Cecil Rhodes" pic of her

BALTIMORE AMERICAN--April 17, 1900--pic of A. K.

N.Y. HERALD--Feb. 23, 1900--"How Miss K. Painted Mr. Rhodes."

N.Y.EVENING WORLD--Feb. 23, 1900--"Cecil Rhodes As I Knew Him,"--by A.K.  
three column story.

TOLEDO, OHIO BLADE--Jan. 1, 1900--"Escaped from Kimberly."

N.Y. SUN\*\*Feb. 23, 1900--"She Painted Cecil Rhodes."

PHILADELPHIA DISPATCH--March 11, 1900--"A World Famous Miniature Artist"  
pic. of A.K.

N.Y. MORNING JOURNAL--Feb. 23, 1900--"A.K. Talks ~~of~~ of Rhodes" pic of her.

N.Y. TIMES--Feb. 23, 1900--"Cecil Rhodes Portrait"

~~PHILADELPHIA DISPATCH--March 11, 1900--"A World Famous Miniature Artist"~~

~~PHILADELPHIA DISPATCH--March 11, 1900--"A World Famous Miniature Artist"~~  
N.Y. POST--Oct. 17, 1900"Painting Cecil Rhodes Portrait"

N.Y. JOURNAL--Feb. 22, 1900--"A.K. Returns Famous" pic of A.K.

N.Y. TELEGRAM--Feb. 21, 1900--"Miss K. from Kimberly."

N.Y. WORLD--Feb. 25, 1900--"Cecil Rhodes a Great Man; The Boers Should Be  
Wiped Out." half-page story with pic of her by Ellis  
of London and one of C. R.

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE--pic of A.K. "Miniaturist of Royalty and Society--  
Miss A.K." by Margaret Reynolds--pics of Blight, Gilbert  
Belmont, Terrell, Countess of Warwick, Duchess of Marl.  
and two of artist in studio.



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PICTURES AND STORIES

N.Y. Press--Feb.23, 1900--"RHODES POSED FOR THIS ARTIST."

Cleveland, OHIO, PRESS--Feb.23, 1900--"Fled from Kimberly By Ox Team"  
pic of her,

N.Y. ~~AZ~~ MAIL AND EXPRESS--Jan. 6, 1900--"Painting Portraits."

CHICAGO INTEROCEAN--Jan.25, 1900--"CECIL RHODES IN A MIRROR"interview with  
A.K.

N.Y. TRIBUNE--Feb.23, 1900--"Cecil Rhodes at Close Range. Miss A. K.  
Miniature Painter Talks About Cape Colony Premier."

KINGSTON, N. J. LEADER--"From Foreign Successes" pic. of A.K.

MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE--Feb.25, 1900--Woman's View of Rhodes."

~~MISSOURI NEWS~~  
MICHIGAN NEWS TRIBUNE--Jan. 21, 1900--"Her Return to England from Africa."

PHILADELPHIA ENQUIRER--Feb.23, 1900--"Miss K., The Famous Artist,  
Returns From Trip to South Africa."

TOPEKA, KAN. CAPITAL--Jan. 28, 1900--A.K.

N.Y. WORLD--Feb. 14, 1900--story "London Applauds Fete of Mrs.A.Paget."

~~NY~~ N. Y. HERALD--March 11, 1900--"Miss K. Pictures of Russia's  
Imperial Family Grand Duchess Ellen, Grand Duchess  
Vladimir and the Czar and artist. pics.

New Orleans PICAYUNE--March 18, 1900--"An American Artist" pic of A.K

N.Y. Herald--Wednesday, July 4, 1900--"A.K. Weds A Coudert" pic of both.

N.J. WORLD--July 4, 1900--"Miss K., The Artist, Married to Capt. C."pic  
of her.

N.J.DAILY NEWS--July 4, 1900--"Wedding Was Sudden."

ROCHESTER UNION AND ADVERTISER--July 6, 1900--story on wedding.

N.Y. COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER--July 8, 1900 "In The Social Whirl."

~~NY~~ N.Y. WORLD--July 4, 1900--"A.K., Royal Artist, Becomes Soldier's  
Bride" pic of her.

BOSTON GAZETTE--July 7, 1900==story about wedding.

T.H. ~~EXP~~ EXPRESS--Sept.28, 1900--return from wedding trip.

INDIANAPOLIS PRESS--July 11, 1900=="Noted Artist Now a Bride" pic of A.K

N.Y. HERALD--Thursday, July 5, 1900--"Coudert and His Bride Sail" pic of  
Mrs. Belmont.

N.Y. WORLD--July 5, 1900--"Capt. C. and Artist Bride Sail for Europe"  
pic. of artist, Mrs. Belmont, ~~George~~ Mrs. George  
Gould and son, George J., and Colebrooke.

Paris HE<sup>a</sup>LD--Aug. 1900--Story on Coudert Party.

N.J.Morning TELEGRAPH--July 15, 1900--"COUDERTS SAIL FOR EUROPE."



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PICTURES AND STORIES

SAN FRANCISCO BULLETIN--July 15, 1900--"Sudden Marriage of Miss K, famous Miniature Painter" pic. of A. K.

N.Y. Times--Aug. 26, 1900--seen at Ritz party.

N.Y. WORLD--Sept. 7, 1900--Couderts Coming Home. "

N.Y. JOURNAL--July 29, 1900--story about honeymoon.

N. Y. Times--Aug. 5, 1900--Mrs. Arthur Paget party for Couderts.

INDIANAPOLIS NEWS--Oct. 19, 1900--"A.K.'s Work"--she will select her subjects hereafter. Pic. of her.

CHICAGO JOURNAL--Oct. 20, 1900--visit to Chicago.

CHICAGO TIMES-HERALD--Oct. 1, 1900--A.K. distinguished miniature painter. one-half page with picture of artist.

N.Y. World--July 4, 1900--"A.K. Royal Artist, Becomes a Soldier's Bride." picture of artist.

N.Y. Evening TELEGRAM--July 4, 1900--"Suddenly Wedded, Sail For Europe." pic. of artist and Coudert.

N.Y. ~~Times Herald~~ HERALD--July 4, 1900--"A.K. Weds a Coudert" pic. both.

BUFFALO, N.Y. ~~Examiner~~ EXAMINER--from Chicago, Oct. 10, 1900. "A.K.C. Ill."

~~N.Y. World~~ N.Y. WORLD--Jan. 24, 1901--"The Portrait Painter Says His Characteristics Are Kindness, Patience and Strength," by Lavina Hart.

KANSAS CITY TIMES--April 28, 1901--pic of Mrs. Cruger.

BOSTON TRAVELLER--Sept. 7, 1901--pic of artist.

LYNN, MASS., NEWS--Jan. 31, 1901--pic of Mrs. Belmont.

N.Y. HERALD--Jan. 24, 1901--"Edward VII Described by A.K.C.--pic. of A.K. and one of Edward VII.

THE ONLOOKER--June 1, 1901--two pages of pic--Czar, Czarina, Mrs. Gould and child and AKC.

SOCIETY ENJOYS A MUSICAL--Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor Vary Their Customary Winter Programme.

KANSAS CITY TIMES--April 28, 1901--"A.K.'s Success."

N.Y. WORLD--Sept. 8, 1901--"A.K. Sees British King"--pic. of artist.

TOWN AND ~~COUNTRY~~ COUNTRY--June 22, 1901--"The Ladies of the Astor Family." pics of Mrs. William Astor, Mrs. Orme Wilson and Mrs. J.J. Astor.

N.Y. HOME JOURNAL--Feb. 21, 1901--Coudert party.

WHAT THE 400 WILL WEAR AT THE HORSE SHOW



(8)  
PICTURES AND STORIES

N.Y. HERALD--Jan. 23, 1901--picture of King and one of A.K. Mention but no pics of the Crown Princess of Greece, Lillian Russell, General Strong, William L. Scott, ywo of G.P. Morosini, a recognized art connoisseur, Marie Tempest, Kaiser Wilhelm, Queen of Norway, President of France, wife and two children.

PEORIA, ILL., JOURNAL--May 18, 1902--"The Czar As He Is."

THE ONLOOKER--June 1, 1901--Drawing of A.K. by Marchioness of Granby.

N.Y. WORLD--Sunday, Nov. 3, 1901--"Germany Starts a New Fad as Radical As the Sun-Flower Craze." whole page with pic. of new art house at Homburg.

N.y. ~~HERALD~~ HERALD--April 20, 1901--"WANTS INVENTORY OF COUDERT ESTATE."

DENVER TIMES--Sept. 21, 1902--"Painted Pictures of Royalty"--A.K. pic.

N.Y. TIMES--July 28, 1901

N.Y. MAIL AND EXPRESS--Sept. 25, 1901

PARIS HERALD--Aug. 1901

N.Y. WORLD--Nov. 3, 1901

THE ONLOOKER\*\*Sept. 21, 1901

PARIS HERALD--Nov. 26, 1901

Cleveland WORLD--Sept. 18, 1901

N.Y. COMMERCIAL--Sept. 26, 1901

✓ WASHINGTON POST--Nov. 17, 1901

N.Y. HERALD--April 9, 1902

N.Y. PRESS--March 30, 1902

NY HERALD--Oct. 5, 1902

Town Topics--June 26, 1902

TOWN AND COUNTRY--July 26, 1902

N.Y. PRESS--Aug. 24, 1902

THE NEW YORKER--July 3, 1902

N.Y. JOURNAL--Jan. 11, 1902--"AMERICAN BRIDE TO PAINT QUEEN'S PORTRAIT" pic of AKC.

✓ DETROIT TIMES--Sept. 21, 1902--"Painted Picture of Royalty." pic. of her 1/2 page written in first person.

N.Y. WORLD--April 13, 1902--whole page "Society Women Make The Best Subjects For Miniature Portraits." pics. of Mackay, Merritt, Belmont, Thompson, Gilbert and Tilforf. AKC was asked by The World her opinion regarding soc. women as



(4)  
PICTURES AND STORIES

HOBOKEN, N.J. OBSERVER--April 30, 1902--"Pen Pic. of Lovely Czarina"

✓ AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE--May, 1902--EIGHT pages on "A. K. Coudert, Miniaturist"  
by Franz S. Arnett--pics of Duchess of Marlborough, Zz Czar,  
King, Mrs. George Goule and son of New York, (1902) Grand  
Duchess Vladimir, Paget and artist and Mrs. Perry Belmont

PHILADELPHIA, PA., LEDGER--March 8, 1903--A costume of AKC.

Picture of Miss Marjory Gould driving Ivanhoe, winner, in TOWN AND  
COUNTRY in 1903

✓ THE SATURDAY SPECTATOR--no date--Terre ~~Haute~~ Haute by Susan W. Ball.

N.Y. HERALD--Jan. 30, 1903 and March 20, 1903

TOWN AND COUNTRY--1903

PARIS HERALD--1903 ~~August 1 and June 30~~ Aug. 1 and June 30 and July 8.

THE ONLOOKER--London--Aug. 15, 1903 ~~August 15, 1903~~

LONDON DAILY EXPRESS--Aug. 12, 1903

✓ WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA--1903

N.Y. TIMES--Nov. 27, 1903

KANSAS CITY JOURNAL--Nov. 23, 1903

THE TATLER--London--Sept. 16, 1903

N.Y. WORLD--Oct. 25, 1903

LONDON DAILY EXPRESS, ~~1903~~ <sup>1904</sup> April 21 and July 31, 1903

THE LONDON GLOBE--April 20, 1904

✓ TERRE HAUTE SUNDAY STAR--Dec. 4, 1904--full page of pictures of artist  
and Memorial Hall and story/

LETTER FROM LONDON, DEC. ~~25, 1903~~ 1903--250 guineas for picture of Mrs.  
Bourchier F. Hawksley.

DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR--April 21, 1904--picture of AKC and Mrs. Watney

SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER--May 1, 1904--dispute over \$1,050 miniature.

N.Y. TIMES--May 11, 1904--N.Y. EVENING JOURNAL--"Held Up the Couderts."

"AMALIA KUSSNER, MINIATURIST" by Bertha V. O'Brien--no date or name  
of paper. pic of AK.

"A.K. DISTINGUISHED MINIATURE PAINTER"--Chicago. No name or date

CHICAGO EXAMINER--May 10, 1904--pic of artist "Pope Grants Chicagoan  
A Private Audience." Gives A.C., the miniature  
painter, photo of himself.

GOLD MEDAL TO DUCHESSE DE CHOISEUL.

"THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP" picture from T. H. paper.



PICTURES AND STORIES

(12)  
YONKERS, N.Y. STATESMAN--April 27, 1904--"Made Her Look Too Young."

N.Y. HERALD--April 21, 1904--"Kussner Portrait Looked Too Young."

THE PALL MALL GAZETTE--April 20, 1904--"THE COST OF A MINIATURE."

EVENING STANDARD--LONDON--April 20, 1904--"King's Bench Division."

N.Y. WORLD--May 1, 1904--"Lucania Brings Mr. and Mrs. Watney."

N.Y. HERALD--May 1, 1904--~~ERR~~ " Artist Does Not Accept ~~Def~~ Defeat."

N.Y. JOURNAL--May 2, 1904--"Suit For Portrait Follows Her Over Sea and Back."

N.Y. HERALD--May 14, 1904--" Miss A.K. Here."

N.Y. AMERICAN--June 17, 1904--" Society in Latest Frocks Attends Suburban In Force."

N.Y. PRESS--May 3, 1904--~~72~~ "The Watney-Coudert Difficulty."

N.Y. AMERICAN--Dec. 13, 1904--"They Sail for Europe."

N.Y. GLOBE--April 26, 1904--about suit.

N.Y. WORLD--March 5, 1905--"A.K. Wins Her Suit."

N.Y. HERALD--Oct. 11, 1906

MILWAUKEE SENTINEL--Sept. 10, 1906

ONLOOKER--Sept. 9, 1905

N.Y. AMERICAN--Oct. 11, 1905

✓ ST. LOUIS MO., POST\*DISPATCH--Oct. 6, 1906

MY SOCIAL DIARY--story of Paget party.

INDIANAPOLIS NEWS--Oct. 19 (no year)--"Amalia Kussner's Work" pic of AK.

N.Y. AMERICAN HORSE SHOW NUMBER--Nov. 21 (no year)--"Greatest Second Night in History of Horse Show."

N.J. HERALD--Sunday, Dec. 2, 1906--pic. of ~~AK~~ DeChanannes canvas owned by Couderts.

✓ THE CENTURY--Oct. 1906--Magazine article by A. K. on "The Human Side of the Czar" pics of AKC and Czar.

N.Y. HERALD--Oct. 7, 1906--"Mrs. C's Latest Miniature"--pic of Mrs. Goelet

THE WOMAN AT HOME MAGAZINE--March, 1906--"THE ART OF A.K.C." by Marion Leslie

GOLD MEDAL FO DUCHESSE DE CHOISSEUL.



PICTURES AND STORIES

WOMAN AT HOME--March, 1906--"The Art of A.K.C." by Marion Leslie. Pics. of artist, king, Lady Alington of London, Lady Harmsworth, Mrs. Belmont, the Countess of Dudley, Czar, Crown Princess of Greece, Lady Elizabeth and Hon. David Lyon, children of Countess of Strathmore; Mrs. Gerald Lowther, Mrs. George Keppel of London, Grand Duchess Elizabeth Vladimirovna, Mrs. Frank Mackay of London, (1898), Mrs. Charles Ansell, Wilson, Paget and Lee.

PARIS HERALD--1901--Party at Casino.

DETROIT FREE PRESS--July 24, 1910--"Amalia Kussner, Miniaturist"

THE INTEROCEAN--Sunday, Oct. 26, 1913--whole page "Chicago Painter of Kings and Queens."--pics of King, Crown Princess of Greece, Mrs. Arthur Hamilton Lee, formerly Ruth Moore of New York; Mrs. J. O. Armour, Mrs. Hobart C. Chatfield Taylor of Chicago, Czar of Russia, Lady Arthur Paget and the artist.

THE SPUR--Jan. 1, 1931--"About Art and Artists--An Artist's Final Tribute to Her Brother"--A.K. pencil drawing of Albert J. Kussner.

✓ ST. PETERSBURG ~~REDACTED~~ TIMES--June 12, 1930--Albert J. Kussner obituary

INDIANAPOLIS SUNDAY STAR--Aug. 10, 1930--"Two Renowned Artists in Generation Is Distinction of Old Indiana Family."

PARIS HERALD--Sept. 18, 1930--"Coudert Escape Drowning in Car."

✓ N.Y. Post - Feb. 22, 1899  
✓ N.Y. Herald - June 1, 1899  
✓ Chicago Journal - June 3, 1899



*Kussner, Amalia*  
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The beautiful and glamorous Amalia Kussner of Terre Haute had one of the most fabulous careers of any Hoosier. Royalty and socially elite were her patrons.

## A WORLD-FAMOUS MINIATURE PAINTER

By **FRANCES E. HUGHES**

**F**OR MOST of us there is a fascination in the very small. We are entranced with ships in bottles, the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin,

tiny, intricate models of big things. The painting of miniature portraits was more than a fad for 300 years. A miniature was in the class with an

expensive jewel. There was no mass production of miniatures.

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Sprinkle toasted coconut on ice cream, top with fruit sauce. To toast the coconut, stir in preheated skillet until brown.

Grease cold fry pan on bottom and sides with the two tablespoons of shortening. This will make a thick coat. In a small bowl, mix biscuit mix and milk together. Spread dough evenly in 10 1/2-inch fry pan.

- Topping:**
- 1 can (8-oz.) sausages
  - 1 can (8-oz.) mushroom caps
  - 1 can (6-oz.) tomato paste
  - 1 c. shredded cheese (mozzarella or cheddar)
  - 1 tsp. oregano

Arrange sausages and mushroom caps on dough and top evenly with tomato paste, then cheese; sprinkle with oregano. Cover. Turn control dial to 325 degrees and bake until done, 12 to 15 minutes.

### Lemon Fry Pan Pudding

- Sauce:**
- 2 c. granulated sugar
  - 3 1/2 c. water
  - 6 tbs. butter or margarine
  - Grated rind and juice of 2 lemons
  - 1 tsp. salt

Place sauce ingredients in fry pan. Turn control dial to 300 degrees and bring liquid to a boil. Drop in batter, dividing batter into 9 parts. Cover. When steaming, turn control down to a simmer position and cook until cake on top is done, about 25 minutes.

- Batter:**
- 1 egg
  - 3 tbs. milk
  - 3 tbs. melted shortening
  - 1 c. sifted cake flour
  - 1 3/4 tsp. baking powder
  - 3 tbs. sugar
  - 1/2 tsp. lemon extract

Add egg to milk and beat slightly. Add melted shortening (melt in fry pan before making sauce.) Then add the dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Stir in extract. Bake in lemon sauce as directed above.

To serve, spoon lemon sauce over cake and top with fluffs of whipped cream.

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## A WORLD-FAMOUS MINIATURE PAINTER ●

(Continued from Page 35)



MISS AMALIA KÜSSNER.

Amalia Kussner was famous as a miniature painter when this photograph was taken. She is dressed in style of the 90's.

and then to Terre Haute. A son, Albert, who became a pianist and composer, was born several years later.

Musical instruments and merchandise were sold in the father's store, called "Palace

of Music," which was in a large stone building, now Memorial Hall. The family lived on the second floor.

Amalia was enrolled in St. Mary-of-the-Woods Academy in 1872, at the age of 6,

youngest pupil ever to attend the school. Her art training was started there under Sister Maurice, who was responsible for her enthusiasm for painting.

For several years Amalia studied at the academy and under private tutors. Eighty years ago she was graduated from Wiley High School in Terre Haute. Then she studied again at St. Mary's and a year in New York at Mme. de Silva's and Mrs. Bradford's fashionable boarding school.

HER INTEREST in painting-in-little resulted from a miniature given her when she was a child. Her technique and style were entirely her own; she never had a lesson in miniature painting and did not study past masters of the art.

Exhibits in her home town and selling miniatures to its wealthier citizens did not satisfy her ambitions. Back to New York went Amalia and she looked up an old friend, Alice Fischer, a Terre Haute woman who had made a success on Broadway. Amalia got a job as staff artist at Tiffany's, then opened a small studio. Alice helped her get commissions to paint Lillian Russell, America's glamorous prima donna, and Marie Tempest, English opera star.

An introduction to Mrs. Theodore A. Havemeyer, a leader of New York's original "400," led to a commission. When Amalia crossed



This brooch, modeled after his horse, Persimmon, was presented Amalia by King Edward VII of England in 1897 when he was Prince of Wales. It is now at St. Mary-of-the-Woods College.





When little more than a child, Amalia painted this tile for the fireplace of her aunt in Terre Haute.



A miniature by Amalia of Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, a relative of Winston Churchill is owned by Weinhardt.

ivory, gold, porcelain — with brushes made from the hair of the English squirrel.

For more than 20 years, a Hoosier girl fascinated those who could pay for it with her peculiar ability to translate a human face into a tiny, airy grace and form that could adorn a gentleman's gold-headed cane, his snuff box, or even his ring.

Miniatures on ivory and porcelain by Amalia Kussner, once of Terre Haute, now are collector's items.

A BEAUTY herself, she had a fabulous career. Her infinite skill in the technique of the tiny took her to New York, to European capitals at, in those days, fortunes for painting miniatures for the wealthy, the famous, royalty.

The story of Amalia Kussner is often told to friends by Carl J. Weinhardt, 4833 North Meridian Street, Indianapolis, and Golden Isle, Hallandale, Fla., and his brothers, Allen Weinhardt of Terre Haute and Robert Weinhardt of Elysian Way, East Liverpool, O. Their father, Allen Weinhardt, was a first cousin of the artist.

Amalia was the daughter of Lorenz Kussner, native of Germany, who came to Crawfordsville and married Emma-line Weinhardt, whose family also had come from Germany. Amalia and her sister, Louise—who made a name for herself as a vocalist—were born in Crawfordsville before the family moved to Greencastle

(Continued on Next Page)

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Carl J. Weinhardt now has the necklace which Prince of Wales gave Amalia. Diamonds were replaced with replicas in 1917.

the threshold of this lady's mansion in 1892, success was assured.

AMALIA established a studio in the Windsor Hotel and raised her prices from \$60 to \$400. She received commissions from most of New York's society women—among them Mrs. William Astor, known as the "Queen of the 400," and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, and daughter, Mrs. Marshall Orme Wilson; Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, a relative of Winston Churchill; Mrs. Oliver Hazard Perry Belmont, Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg, greatest horsewoman in New York; Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Frank Tilford, Mrs. Robert Goellet and Mrs. Oliver Harriman.

Her miniatures twice were exhibited at the Women's Portrait Exhibition at the National Academy of Design.

Amalia's family moved to Chicago and there she went to paint 16 miniatures in the Armour family alone, as well as one of Mrs. Cyrus Hall McCormick and others.

Mrs. Arthur Paget, wife of a South African millionaire, who was in the court circles of London, commissioned Amalia to paint her

while she was visiting in New York in 1896. A friendship developed between the two and Mrs. Paget took Amalia to London.

She painted Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, an American heiress, and soon had commissions from Countess Georgina Dudley; Lily, Duchess of Marlborough; Miss Muriel Wilson, daughter of a wealthy shipowner of Hull; Lady Feodrovna Sturt, Mme. Melba, the prima donna, numerous other ladies and duchesses.

ALL THIS led to an exhibit at the National Gallery in London and, eventually, to a commission to paint the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII. In the six sittings for the portrait, the two became friends and upon completion of the miniature, the Prince sent Amalia a check enclosed in a three-page letter, and a handsome jeweled necklace. For her interest in his prize-winning horse, Persimmon, he also gave her a diamond brooch that was a replica of the horse.

Having painted royalty, Amalia increased her price

(Continued on Next Page)

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## A WORLD-FAMOUS MINIATURE PAINTER ●

(Continued from Page 37)



This is the home of Carl J. Weinhardt, 4833 North Meridian Street, Indianapolis, who has many mementoes of his famous cousin, Amalia. He and his brothers enjoy telling her story.

to \$1,000. Eventually she got as high as \$4,000 for one portrait. This did not stop such women as the famous Mrs. John W. Mackay, Lady Warwick, one of the Prince's favorites, or New York's "400," from ordering miniatures.

Although Amalia had not been accepted socially in New York, she was welcomed to the court circles of London.

In March, 1899, Mrs. Paget arranged for Amalia to go to St. Petersburg, Russia, to make a miniature of her friend, Grand Duchess Marie Vladimir. Before this portrait was even started, the artist was summoned to the Winter Palace to paint the Czarina. For this she received 2,657 francs (1,000 rubles) as

well as a gift of a bracelet of diamonds and rubies. Amalia got to know the royal couple and their two children well, and was accepted in court circles.

At the last sitting of the Czarina, Czar Nicholas II requested her to start a miniature of him. Again, upon completion of the miniature, the artist received another check for the same amount, and a gift of a necklace and ring.

Amalia then went to Capetown, South Africa, hoping to paint Cecil Rhodes, the "Diamond King." Although she went without a letter of introduction, Amalia got the commission.

When the Boer War started, Amalia fled the coun-

try and returned to the United States.

SHE WAS met at the dock in New York by Charles DuPont Coudert, scion of a wealthy French-American family, whom she had known and fallen in love with many years before in France. He had been a captain serving with Dewey in the Spanish-American War, and was now in the Coudert law firm in New York.

On July 4, 1900, they were married in the sacristy of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. Amalia now had all the fame, wealth and social position she could desire, so she decided to paint only what would add to her reputation or people who inspired her.

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The World's Most Distinguished Living Medallion Painter  
(From a drawing by the Marchioness of Granby)

Reproduction of drawing of Amalia by Marchioness of Granby. Many illustrated articles about Amalia appeared in magazines.



Memorial Hall in Terre Haute formerly was "Palace of Music" operated by Amalia's father. Family lived on second floor.

She painted such special people as Lady Alington, wife of the Prime Minister; Mrs. Arthur Hamilton Lee, former New York heiress and wife of the Civil Lord of the Admiralty; Queen Maud of Norway, the youngest daughter of King Edward, and Mrs. George Jay Gould and son, George, of New York.

FOR THE 10 years following her marriage, Amalia and her husband traveled on the Riviera, in England and Egypt, and spent a year in an old castle in Germany. Eventually, they settled at Windlesham Hall in Surrey, England, spending summers at Dachstein, in the Austrian Tyrol.

Amalia's parents both died at her home and her sis-

ter, Louise, was married there to John Wells Cloud, an American who was president of the Westinghouse Air Brake Company in charge of the business abroad. Louise still lives at Magnolia House in Sunningdale, Berks. Both couples became English subjects.

Albert married Mary Pettit of Wabash and died two years before Amalia at his home in St. Petersburg, Fla.

Amalia died of a lung ailment in May of 1932 in Switzerland.

THE MANY lovely miniatures she left behind may be found in homes and museums all over the world.

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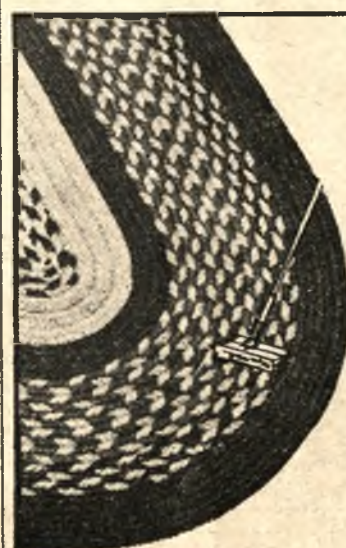


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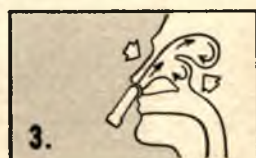
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## Growing Beauty

*Like many others, this Michigantown man discovered pleasure and relaxation in raising flowers. He has become an expert on dahlias and won many prizes.*

**By MABEL DAVIDSON**

**Q**UEEN OF all the flowers in the garden is the dahlia, believes Edwin Record of Michigantown. They wear the most heavenly raiment, come in more shapes, sizes and hues than any other flower, he argues.

He calls them "God's Tranquilizers," and he has chosen their culture as his hobby.

Several years ago Record was on the verge of a physical breakdown. Doctors told him he must find a means of relaxing to relieve the tension.

He chose raising dahlias.

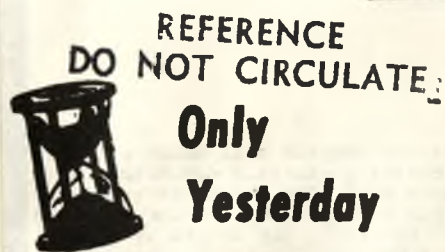
With the guidance of an acquaintance in Frankfort, he started with a dozen hills of dahlias and later increased his production to 500 hills. He attends shows with Richard

Dunwoody of Zionsville, a well-known dahlia judge, and they exchange information of showing and growing the flowers.

RECORD HAS been displaying his dahlias at fairs and shows since 1949. His first big thrill as an exhibitor came at the 1950 Illinois State Fair when he exhibited



# Amalia Kussner famous for miniatures



By Frances E. Hughes

At the turn of the Century, a Terre Haute woman became the most famous painter of miniatures of her day, not only in this country but also abroad.

She was Amalia Kussner, one of three children of Lorenz and Emmaline Weinhardt Kussner. The family was popular among the many German families who had settled here. Lorenz was born in Hesse Darmstadt, Germany, and Emmaline in Weisbaden, Germany.

Amalia was born in 1864, her sister, Louise, in 1862, and her brother, Albert, in 1876.

The father had a music store, called the Palace of Music, in the building now the Memorial Hall. The family lived in an apartment on the second floor of the building.

The Kussner children had a cultural background and spoke Spanish, French, German and English. Both of the girls attended St. Mary's Academy as children, Louise being especially trained in voice by Sister St. Clair and Amalia, in art by Sister Maurice.

Amalia was graduated from Terre Haute High School in 1881 and attended St. Stephen's Episcopal Church. One of her close friends was Alice Fischer, who also was graduated from the same high school and attended the same church. Alice showed talent as a child in acting and later became a leading Broadway actress.

For her birthday when she was 12 years old, Amalia's father gave her a miniature portrait by an unknown artist and it was then that she started painting portraits on china, fireplace tiles, piano keys and, finally, on ivory ovals her father bought to encourage her.

After graduating from high school, Amalia returned to St. Mary's for further study and then went to New York to attend Mme. DeSilva's and Mrs. Bradford's fashionable brooding school and to study art.

Returning to Terre Haute, she studied with Miss Minshall, a private art teacher, and began to show her work at local exhibits. She also started to sell some of her miniatures of children of local friends, including those of Donald and Hamill Baker and Marian and Fred Reynolds.

In 1891, when Mrs. Kussner took Albert East to enroll him at Philips Exeter, Amalia went along to visit with her friend, Alice Fischer. Alice had attained recognition on the New York stage and had many contacts with wealthy people and it was she who got Amalia her first commission for a miniature of one of New York's famous "400". Alice had been in New York since 1884 and when

Amalia arrived there, she was appearing on Broadway as the lead in "Nero." She had also organized the Twelfth Nigh Club for actresses.

Amalia sold her miniatures in Tiffany's for awhile but after her introduction to Mrs. Theodore A. Havemeyer, wife of a director of the American Sugar Refining Company, and successfully painting a miniature of her, she started up the ladder to fame.

## ...and Lillian Russell

She painted miniatures of Marie Tempest, an English opera singer, and the famous singer, Lillian Russell, as well as those of THE Mrs. William Backhouse Astor, leader of Society's "400;" Mrs. Richard H. Townsend, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Frank Tilford, and many others.

Her parents and brother and sister had moved to Chicago, so she went there to get commissions to paint miniatures of Mrs. Cyrus Hall McCormick and 16 portraits in all of the Armour family.

In the Spring of 1896, while painting a miniature of Mrs. Paren Stevens in New York, she met Mrs. Stevens' daughter who was married to Arthur Paget, a South African millionaire, and who lived in London and was a member of the court circle there.

The two women became close friends and Amalia went back to London with Mrs. Paget, who introduced her to members of the royal family's circle. She painted miniatures there of the Duchess of Marlborough, the former Consuela Vanderbilt of New York; Lily, wife of the eighth Duke of Marlborough; Lady Colebrook, sister of Arthur Paget; the Duchess of Manchester and others.

Three of the mistresses of the Prince of Wales, later to become King Edward VI of England, also posed for the local artist. They were Countess Georgina Dudley, daughter of a Scottish baronet; Daisy, Countess of Warwick, another of the Prince's grand passions in the 1890s, and Mrs. George Keppel, the Prince's mistress for the last 12 years of his life.

Accompanying Mrs. Paget to Paris, Amalia met Charles DuPont Coudert and after a romance of several years, the couple was married July 4, 1900, in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York.

## ...invited by the

### Prince of Wales...

Back in New York, Amalia painted miniatures of Mrs. Robert Goellet, wife of a New York capitalist, and Mrs. Oliver Hazard Perry Belmont, mother of the Duchess of Marlborough, and others.

When she returned to London for other commissions, she was invited by the Prince

of Wales to paint a miniature of him. She posed him in the costume he had worn to a fancy dress given as a part of Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee celebration.

In payment for the miniature, the Prince gave her a fine necklace set with diamonds and a large emerald, as well as a small brooch set with diamonds with the racing colors of his jockey in enamel on the tiny figure modeled after his prize-winning race horse, Persimmon.

The press began to recognize the artist by this time and many articles about her appeared in magazines and newspapers in this country and England. She had continually increased the price of her miniatures from \$60 to \$1,000 each.

She returned to New York again to paint miniatures of Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, aunt of Winston Churchill; Mrs. John W. Mackay, whose husband made his fortune in the Comstock Lode in California; two other members of the Astor family--Mrs. Marshall Orme Wilson and Mrs. John Jacob Astor; and other prominent New York society women.

## to Russia and Africa

With a letter of introduction from Mrs. Paget, Amalia went to St. Petersburg, Russia, where she painted miniatures of the Grand Duchess Marie Pavlovna, whose husband, Grand Duke Vladimir Alexandrovitch, was a brother of Czar Alexander III; and of Czar Nicholas II and the Czarina. They, too, gave her beautiful jewels for her paintings.

Shortly after that, she went to Africa, where she decided she wanted to paint a miniature of Cecil Rhodes, the Diamond King. Although she had no introduction, she finally managed to get him to pose for her. However, she had to finish the portrait at Kimberley, where the siege was on as one of the battles of the Boer War.

It was when she returned to New York that she married Coudert. From then on, she did very little painting but spent most of her time traveling or busy with social activities of the social sets of New York and London which she was very much a part of by then. Coudert had been one of the most eligible bachelors of New York.

Louise Kussner married John Wells Cloud, an American from Pittsburgh who was president of the Westinghouse Air Brake Company. Both the Clouds and Couderts became English subjects. The Couderts lived at Windlesham Hall in Surrey and the Clouds at Magnolia House, Sunningdale.

All of them are now gone. Amalia died in 1973 and her husband died in 1964, both in Switzerland. Louise's husband died on a ship enroute to Jamaica in 1936, and Louise died in 1962. Albert Kussner, a composer who attained recognition in this country, died in 1930 in Florida and is buried in Highland Lawn Cemetery here.

*from the Spectator Jan. 24, 1976*  
GEN.



# Art World Loses Esteemed Member Through the Death of Amalia Kussner



WITH the death of Amalia Kussner (Mrs. Charles DuPont Coudert), American miniature portrait painter, recently, close acquaintances have lost a loyal friend. Those who admired her art and personal charm have lost an ideal in all that is beautiful in life. And the world of art has lost one of its esteemed members.

Amalia Kussner was a Western girl and her work is imbued with the freshness of the West. In the home, from earliest childhood, she was surrounded by influences of the highest order. Being fired, however, with the burning desire to try out the talent from which later developed her great art, she went to New York when only in her teens and there began a career which was unique in attaining quick recognition. She possessed that freedom from conventions, that frankness in speech, that broad and elastic imagination in thought which at once appeals to lovers of dash and daring. While her miniatures have a flowerlike delicacy, there is a brilliance of color—a glow on the ivory—which quite differs from those of earlier schools and pronounces them distinctly original in conception. Hers has been called—and rightly—the “rose-leaf art,” because of the rare delicacy of execution yet always so

truly adhering to the portrayal of her subject.

## Great Portrait Painter.

The story of the rise to success of Amalia Kussner reads like a beautiful romance. Early evincing the genius which ultimately led to her

eled to England, France, Italy, Austria—in each of the large cities making new friends, achieving new triumphs. Famous sitters, drawn to her by the accuracy and skill of her brush, never failed to become lifelong friends. Among these figure such names as Rodin, French sculptor; the celebrated art critic, Sir



PORTRAIT OF AMALIA KUSSNER. (CONDERT).

brilliant career, she soon achieved the pinnacle of her ambitions, becoming recognized as the greatest miniature portrait painter of her time—which enviable title she retained to the end. And to no other influence than her own personal charm and the exquisite beauty of her art, does she owe this signal triumph. In spite of her extreme youth, she became one of the staff of artists in the Tiffany studios of New York, but after only a short period of time spent there she was told that she was endowed with what could not be paid for in money—genius—and through acquaintance in prominent families in the city she was definitely launched in that career which was to lead her into many lands.

Miniatures from her magic brush were sought by the leaders of the exclusive and moneyed families, and so winning was her manner and so earnest her intent to attain the cherished goal, ambition was soon crowned with success. Hers was a family of distinction and she graciously fitted into the social position by which she found herself surrounded. From New York she trav-

John Millais, director of the national gallery, London, and outstanding names in literature, music and art. Besides the portraits made of a long list of the elite of the prominent and fashionable world of notables in New York, Chicago and the capitals of Europe, she traveled into far lands in order to execute certain highly flattering commissions. At the express invitation of the late Cecil Rhodes, she made the trip to South Africa, where she painted the portrait of the diamond king. Her paramount success was the command from his Majesty, King Edward of England, who later became deeply interested in her career. She visited London, remaining there several months, during which time his portrait was completed.

## Resident-Guest at Kremlin.

Perhaps the most unique of all of her wanderings was the wonderful sojourn into Russia. Again, having been commanded by royalty, she traveled to Moscow, Russia, accompanied by her faithful maid as companion, where she was a resident-

guest at the Kremlin, palace of the czars, during the time required for the execution of the portraits made of the Czar, Czarina, Grand Duchess Olga and others of the imperial family. She remained many months in the palace and the narratives of her experiences in social life and the thrilling adventures of travel—told naively as by a child—read like a fairy tale. Her article, entitled “The Human Side of the Czar,” published by the Century magazine shortly after her return from Russia, gives an intimate and graphic description of her impressions of the members of the imperial family and of court life in Moscow during the time she remained at the Kremlin.

The marriage of Amalia Kussner and Capt. Charles DuPont Coudert was solemnized in New York just after her return from South Africa. For a number of years they resided in the Coudert home in New York, but, being seized by the “wanderlust,” the lure of travel again drew them to their much loved haunts in old Europe, where they spent many years in extensive travel. In 1914 they became permanent residents of England, having made purchase of the fine old English manor house, Windlesham Hall, near London, where their cordial hospitality is widely known.

Amalia Kussner was petite of stature, exquisitely molded, with masses of dark hair outlining a lovely oval face of unusual vivacity of expression. Her mind was a type of highest culture. She was a deep thinker, was versed in literature and music as well as in art. She spoke French and German fluently, was brilliant in repartee. With her broad experience of environment and travel, she easily attained not only fame as an artist, but became a distinguished social leader in New York, Chicago, London, Paris and Vienna. She was kindly, generous, open-handed—ever responding eagerly to worthy calls for aid—winsome and childlike—to the end, unspoiled by fame.

## King Gives Her Necklace.

Gifts of rare value were showered upon the artist by admirers of her work as tokens of their love and esteem. Among these was a priceless necklace of diamonds, presented by his Majesty, King Edward VII. In August, 1914, this necklace was sold, the purchase price being sent to Lord Roberts (and accepted by him) with the request that it be used as a nucleus for a fund to aid wounded British soldiers.

Amalia Kussner was a sister of Albert Kussner, American composer, whose death occurred two years ago at St. Petersburg, Fla. His exquisite musical compositions have been known and played in America and in many foreign lands. More than once has Amalia remarked that her most valuable critic—although the most severe—was this adored brother. It was he who, as a mere boy, dexterously removed the rich old ivory from the keys of discarded pianos in their father's establishment, which were used by the artist for her first efforts in miniature painting. To the end that these two

members of one family have written their names into international fame by the talents so richly bestowed upon them.

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Biography

J. H.



# Entertainment VALLEY LIFE Inside

## Artist's work comes home

Swope Art Museum receives three Amalia Kussner miniatures

By Gordon Walters  
Special to the Tribune-Star

Three paintings by a Terre Haute artist have come home, thanks to a New York collector/art historian and his local friend.

Three miniature portraits by Terre Hautean Amalia Kussner, painted in 1894 in watercolor on ivory, have been given to the Shelden Swope Art Museum by Lewis Hoyer Rabbage. The portraits, along with two other miniatures by Otto Merkel, are on display at the Swope.

Rabbage, who spoke on American miniature painting last fall at the Swope, gave the portraits to the Swope in honor of Frances E. Hughes, whom Rabbage came to know through his interest in Kussner.

Hughes, woman's page editor and feature writer for the Terre Haute Star until 1972, devoted some 20 years to researching Kussner's life and work. She had contacted the Worcester Art Museum in Massachusetts for information about its Kussner holdings. Rabbage was a New York businessman and collector and authority on miniature painting. He became interested in Kussner, as well, and 10 years ago, the Worcester museum put him in touch with Hughes.

Hughes recalled that she eventually turned all her Kussner research over to Rabbage, whose principal focus was, as Hughes puts it, "the revival of miniature portrait-painting in America."

Hughes wrote that the revival of miniature portrait-painting in the United States in the 1890s "was due in large part to Amalia Kussner," and in a letter to Hughes, Rabbage credited Hughes with a renewal of interest in the Terre Haute-raised painter.

Hughes' work on Kussner eventually materialized in a fall 1990 article in the Indiana Historical Society's *Traces* magazine. She and Rabbage continued to correspond for some time, and



### Intricacy on ivory

The exacting skills required of the artist who produced photograph-quality portraits on small items like ivory pendants is evident on the five pieces recently acquired by the Swope Art

Museum. The top three works are by Amalia Kussner, depicting Charles, Annie and Matilda Strong. The two on the bottom row are of Matilda Ronalds and were done by Otto Merkel.

See *Miniatures*, Page D2

## Miniatures • Continued from Page D1

three years ago, Rabbage came to Terre Haute for the first of several visits; the two scholar-friends spoke by telephone every Sunday for a number of years.

But Rabbage is now seriously ill in Connecticut.

A few months ago, he decided to donate the five miniatures to the Swope in Hughes' honor — a gesture that came as a very pleasant surprise to Hughes.

"I didn't know the miniatures were going to the Swope until they got here," Hughes said.

It's not difficult to understand Rabbage and Hughes' interest in Kussner; the daughter of German immigrants, once compared to Aphrodite by a Harper's Bazaar magazine writer, led a fascinating life.

Kussner was born in Greencastle in 1863 but grew up in Terre Haute. She went off to New York, where she perhaps became a staff artist at the famous Tiffany Studios. In any case, she later established herself as a portraitist, acquiring commissions from members of America's social elite and gaining entry to high society in her own right.

Indeed, in 1900, she married Charles du Pont Coudert at New York. Mysteriously, she painted very little after the marriage.

But before her marriage, Hughes says in her article, Kussner painted some 200 miniature portraits and traveled to Europe to paint, in miniature, such august personages as Cecil Rhodes, King Edward VII of England and Czar Alexander II of Russia and the Czarina and Grand Duchess Olga.

According to Ed Quick, director of the Swope, Kussner was "one of the most famous artists to come out of Terre Haute, a world-renowned 'jet set' artist. She had a remarkable facility for capturing the vibrancy of life."

Quick says the Kussners and Merckels are the first miniature portraits acquired by the museum. He knows of only three other Kussner works in Indiana — two full-size paintings in the St. Mary-of-the-Woods College collections and a miniature in a private collection in Indianapolis.

The popularity of miniature portraits, which were often designed to be worn as memen-

tos, dates from antiquity. In the 18th century, ivory became the surface of choice for miniature portraits because of the brilliance of color it encouraged.

In 19th century United States, itinerant portraitists made their way around the country. Quick pointed out that the first proper portrait painted in Indiana was an early 19th century miniature by Louis Peckham.

The arrival of photography, which produced cheap, portable likenesses, eventually spelled doom in the late for the miniature-portrait tradition.

Too bad, say miniature aficionados. While the Kussner and Merkel portraits may not evidence "photographic" realism, Kussner's miniatures especially feature a soft, detailed effect reminiscent of 18th century pastels.

The three Kussner portraits are of Charles Hamot Strong, his wife, Annie Wainwright Scott Strong, and their daughter, Matilda Strong. The Merckels are of Matilda Thora Scott Ronalds, the daughter of Matilda Strong and Reginald Ronalds. The Merckels date from 1909 to 1912.



# Records of Famous Former T. H. Woman Given St. Mary's Library

*T.H. 3-29-36*  
**Amalia Kussner Coudert  
Outstanding Miniature  
Painter of Day.**

BY FRANCES HUGHES.

Terre Haute's older residents will be interested to learn that the private records of the late Mrs. Amalia Kussner Coudert, a former Terre Hautean and the greatest miniature painter of her day, have been received from England by St. Mary-of-the-Woods College as a gift to the college library.

There are three volumes—one containing her correspondence with royalty and famous people whom she painted, one containing the press clippings from papers all over the world about her and her work, and the other, "The Book of Beauty," copy number 290 of an edition de luxe which was limited to 300. The first two books are suede bound and contain most interesting letters and notices of the late painter and the latter is a collection of beautiful portraits, including one of Mrs. Coudert and pictures of some of her miniatures.

Amalia Kussner Coudert died three years ago this coming May in Switzerland and these records of hers were just received here from her sister, Mrs. Louisa Cloud of England, whose husband died just before the holidays this year. It is supposed that Mrs. Cloud is dismantling her home and so has sent these valuable and interesting records to St. Mary's, from where Amalia was graduated in the Academy many years ago.

Mrs. Amalia Kussner Coudert was a first cousin of Allen J. Weinhardt and his sister, Mrs. J. J. Young of 627 South Seventh Street. She came from a family of many talents and her brother Albert attained almost as much prominence in the musical world as a composer as she did in the art world.

She was born in Greencastle, Ind. and moved to Terre Haute with her family when she was very young. The Kussner family lived in the old State Bank Building, now Memorial Hall, on Ohio Street, the upstairs of which had been equipped as a home for some of the bank's employees. Mr. Kussner conducted a music shop on the ground floor of the place and was himself a composer. One of the upstairs rooms was outfitted as an auditorium, where the three children, Albert, Amalia and Louisa, performed little French and English plays.



MRS. AMALIA KUSSNER  
COUDERT.

It was later when they had moved to their home on North Seventh Street that Amalia developed her talents as a painter. Several Terre Hauteans have samples of her work made while she was still in Terre Haute and the Fairbanks Library has two pictures made by her while she was still in the city schools. These are free-hand drawings made with the Saturday Drawing Class, more advanced pupils of the schools, and are in a book made by William H. Wiley, then superintendent of schools, in 1876.

Amalia was the youngest of the three children and she and her brother Albert were inseparable. Albert died six years ago in Florida and is buried in Highland Lawn Cemetery here. He attained fame with his compositions, the most famous of which is "Moon Moths." Louisa was also gifted, for she spent much time in Europe studying voice.

Mrs. Coudert studied art at St. Mary-of-the-Woods College under the direction of Sister Maurice, founder of the college museum. Shortly after her graduation from the academy she went to New York to continue her art work at Madame De Silva's Boarding School. She received a position with Tiffany's as staff artist through some miniatures she had left there for display. About that time her family moved to Chicago.

It is said that her first important commission came through a Terre Haute woman, Alice Fisher Harcourt King, a noted actress, who induced Lillian Russell to sit for her. A letter of introduction to Mrs. Theodore Havemeyer, the leader of the New York Four Hundred, brought her under the patronage of that lady. She was introduced to English society by Mrs. Arthur Paget in 1895 and Mrs. Paget showed her work to Sir John Mil-lais, the great critic, under whose patronage she held an exhibit.

This period of her life is well recorded in the books now in possession of St. Mary's, for they give fascinating accounts of her public and private life at this time.

In 1897, she painted a miniature of the late King Edward, then the Prince of Wales, and in 1899 she went to Russia to paint Czar Nicholas and the Czarina and other members of the royal family. During the same year she went to South Africa to execute a portrait in miniature of Cecil Rhodes, the diamond king, then at the peak of his career at the beginning of the British-Boer war. The portrait of Rhodes was hardly finished when the siege of Kimberly began in November, 1899, and Miss Kussner escaped by ox team and returned to London.

She also painted miniatures of Pope Leo XIII, Queen Alexander, the Duchess of Marlborough and many other famous and socially prominent persons in the United States and abroad.

A long friendship with Capt. Charles du Pont Coudert, scion of a wealthy New York family, culminated in marriage for Miss Kussner in July, 1900. Her husband was a graduate of Columbia Law School and had served in the Spanish-American war. He was the only son of the late Charles Coudert of the famous law firm of Coudert Bros. in New York. They lived in New York for some time and then moved to England, where they had a beautiful estate in Surrey.

After her marriage Mrs. Coudert divided her time between the two continents, busy with her painting and social obligations. In later years miniature painting went out of vogue and Mrs. Coudert painted few portraits. She continued to paint and sketch, however, until the time of her death. She is buried at Wimblesham Hall in Surrey, England.

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TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA



# Local Woman Was World-Famous As Miniature Painter in Her Day

BY FRANCES E. HUGHES

Now treasured as collector's items are the many miniatures made by Amalia Kussner, Terre Haute woman, at the turn of the century.

For Miss Kussner was world-famous for her art and she painted most of the women in the "400" of society in New York, wealthy women of Chicago, royalty and members of court circles in Europe and Cecil Rhodes, the "Diamond King" of Africa.

Miss Kussner was a first cousin of the late Allen Weinhardt, and pieces of her art are treasured by his sons, Allen J. Weinhardt, Jr., of 114 South Twenty-fourth Street, Carl J. Weinhardt of Indianapolis and Robert Weinhardt of Elysian Way, East Liverpool, Ohio.

**LORENZ KUSSNER**, who had come from Hesse-Darmstadt, Germany, and his wife, Emmaline Weinhardt, who had migrated

with her family from Weinsbaden, Germany, were married in Crawfordsville. There their two daughters, Louise and Amalia, were born.

After they moved to Terre Haute, a son, Albert, was born. Mr. Kussner established a store, "Palace of Music," in the present Memorial Hall building, where he made and sold musical instruments. The family lived in an apartment on the second floor.

**ENROLLING** at St. Mary-of-the-Woods Academy at the age of 16 years, Amalia was the youngest student ever to attend the school. It was there that her interest in art was stimulated by Sister Maurice and she received the fine training that led to her success.

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TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA

Eighty years ago she was graduated from Wiley High School, and both before and after her graduation she studied at the academy and under private tutors. One year was spent in New York at Mme. deSilva's and Mrs. Bradford's fashionable boarding school.

Many local friends of the family have pieces of china on which Amalia painted when a little girl. She painted on everything she could find, including the tiles of the fireplaces in the homes of her parents and of her uncles and aunts. Dr. and Mrs. Allen Pence and Mr. and Mrs. John Weinhardt, and on ivory keys from old pianos in her father's store.

**SHE BECAME** interested in "painting-in-little" from a miniature given her as a child. She painted miniatures of her family and friends and was commissioned to paint some of Donald and Hamill Baker, sons of Attorney and Mrs. Harry Baker, and of Marian and Fred Reynolds, children of Attorney and Mrs. Reynolds, and others.

When Albert went East to enter Philips Exeter Academy, Amalia went along to New York. There she looked up a friend, Alice Fischer, who had made a success on Broadway and organized the Twelfth Night Club for actresses.

Alice gave her an introduction which led her to get a job as staff artist at Tiffany's. Then, when Amalia opened her own studio, Alice helped her get commissions to paint Lillian Russell, America's prima donna, and Marie Tempest, English opera star.

**ALICE ALSO GAVE** her an introduction to Mrs. Theodore A. Havemeyer, a leader of New York's original "400," which led to a commission from the society woman. This started the "paint-

er-in-little" in her phenomenal rise to success. She then opened a fine studio in the Windsor Hotel, raised her prices from \$60 to \$400, and received commissions from most of New York's society women.

Twice she had her miniatures exhibited at the women's portrait exhibition at the National Academy of Design. Her fame spread to Chicago, where her family moved, and there she painted 16 miniatures of the Armour family alone as well as those of many other prominent families.

A friendship made with Mrs. Arthur Paget, wife of a South African millionaire and a member of the court circles of London, caused her to go to London in 1896. There she painted Mme. Melba, the prima donna; Consuelo, Duchess of Marlborough, and most of the famous women in the court circle.



**THIS LED** to exhibit of her work in the National Gallery in London and, eventually, to a commission to paint the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII. Besides paying her a large sum, the Prince gave her a diamond

and emerald necklace (later she gave the gems to England for war relief work and had them replaced with synthetic stones) and a diamond brooch, a replica of his prize-winning race horse, Persimmon.

She raised her price to \$1,000 and eventually got as high as \$4,000 for one miniature. Not only was she then accepted socially in London's court circles, but New York's "400" began to recognize her.

Through Mrs. Paget, Amalia went to St. Petersburg, Russia, in March of 1899. There she painted Grand Duchess Marie Vladimir and was summoned to the Winter Palace to make miniatures of both the Czar and Czarina of Russia. Besides payment for these, she received gifts of a bracelet, necklace and ring of diamonds and rubies.

+ + +

**WITH NO INTRODUCTION,** Amalia next went to Capetown, South Africa, where she got a commission to paint Cecil Rhodes, the "Diamond King." Caught in the Boer War there, she came out by ox team and horseback and returned to this country.

Her marriage to Captain Charles Dupont Coudert, scion of a wealthy French-American family, took place July 4, 1900, in the sacristy of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. She then had all the fame, wealth and social position she desired, and the fad of having one's portrait painted in miniature on ivory was waning.

So, she did then only what she felt would add to her reputation or people who inspired her. She and her husband traveled on the Riviera, in England and Egypt, and spent a year in an old castle in Germany. Finally, they settled at Windlesham Hall in Surrey, England, spending Summers at Dachstein in the Austrian Tyrol. She died of a lung ailment in May of 1932 in Switzerland. Her husband is now living there.

+ + +

**AMALIA'S PARENTS** both died at her home. Her sister, Louise, who gained recognition for her beautiful voice, was married there to John Wells Cloud, an American. Louise is now 95 years old and is living at Magnolia House in Sunningdale, Berks. Both couples became English subjects.

Albert, her brother, married Mary Pettit of Wabash and gained fame as a pianist and composer. He died two years before Amalia at his home in St. Petersburg, Fla., and is buried in Highland Lawn Cemetery here.



**DO YOU REMEMBER?** — Amalia Kussner, a Terre Haute woman, became internationally famous as a miniature painter at the turn of the century. Her beauty is evident in the portrait top left. One of her miniatures of Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, maternal aunt of Winston Churchill, top right, and the diamond and emerald necklace presented her by the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII of England, below it, are now in the possession of her cousin, Carl Weinhardt of Indianapolis. The diamond pin, lower left, a replica of the Prince's prize-winning race horse, Persimmon, also was presented to the miniaturist by Edward. It is now at St. Mary-of-the-Woods College as Amalia attended the academy there as a little girl. Lower right is one of the tiles from her family's fireplace, on which Amalia painted as a child.



# "Our Amalia" Painted the Royalty And Dignataries of Old World

T. H. Tribune July 31, 1932

IT WOULD seem a long way from St. Mary-of-the-Woods college to the fame of being the greatest miniature portrait painter in the world, yet a Terre Haute girl took that flight, for it can scarcely be described as anything else, the meteoric ascension into this enviable position which Amalia Kuessner Coudert made with talent which found its first guidance at the historic school for girls, which Amalia entered at the age of six years, the youngest entrant ever in the school.

When Terre Haute citizens read of the death of Mrs. Coudert, there were many who recalled this talented vivacious girl, whose talents were so numerous and who gave of them unsparingly, when she called Terre Haute home.

Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lorenz Kuessner, kept a music store in the "Old Curiosity Shop," which is now the Memorial hall. The home was not the curiosity shop when the Kuessner's lived there, but long after they had left Terre Haute, however.

She went a bit reluctantly, when she entered St. Mary-of-the-Woods, carrying along in her arms, her doll stove, a precious toy.

Sister Maurice, now dead, was her instructor, and guided the small fingers which in later years wielded such a magic brush that commissions came to her from crowned heads who sat for her painting, and with whom she visited in their palaces.

She stayed two years at St. Mary's and then came back to Terre Haute and entered public school. She was graduated with the sixth graduating class at Wiley high school away back in June of 1881.

There are members of that graduating class who recall the vivacious and spirited essay which Amalia gave amid resounding applause, for her talent in elocution stood by her in this recitation.

Mrs. Oliver O. Wood, then Cora Kidder, was one of that class, and knew Amalia Kuessner well. They both studied elocution with Mrs. Adylotte.

However, there were others who still remember that same commencement year, Crawford McKeen, John O'Boyle, Ella Adams, Charlotte Blake, Marcla Carbee, Nettie Watson, Matthew Lytle, Minnie Boelsum, Joseph Jackson, colored; Cora Kidder, Mary Rankin, Nora Rottman, Alma Adkins, Eugene Glover, Naomi Glick, Lillie Simpson, George Addison Scott, who played a flute solo; Alma Heyroth, Jennie Bell, Gerlie Benight, Amalia Kuessner.

## Salute to Fame.

The commencement exercises extended over two evenings at the Naylor opera house. Her gown was white, trimmed in lace, and came from New York.

Miss Kuessner's essay was on "Courage," and she started with the old message from Goethe.

"Money lost—nothing lost. Honor lost, much lost. Courage lost, all lost."

Really it would seem that Miss Kuessner gave her own plan of battle in this essay which pushed her over the threshold of girlhood into the world of endeavor. Her courage was the very thing which gave her fame. She never had a lesson in the art of miniature painting. Her art lay in an innate inheritance, she discovered it herself, and in the primary foundation which was laid at St. Mary-of-the-Woods. "Amalia Kuessner—unforgotten" is her praise, for her name ranks with those undying creators in the artistic.

It took courage to make her visit to Russia, where she was commissioned to paint a miniature of the czar by the czarina. She lived at the winter palace at St. Petersburg with the royal family in April of 1899. She painted H. R. H., the prince of Wales, now king of England, at Marlborough house in July of 1897, also by order from the princess of Wales.

She was in Kimberly when the Boer war broke out having just finished the miniature portrait of Cecil Rhoads, which painting she declared was an inspiration. She was commissioned to paint the portrait of Kaiser William of Germany, and of the sultan of Turkey.

Many painted these men, but she was the only artist commissioned to paint their portraits.

Her first portrait created quite a stir in New York. It was of Mrs. Heyard of New York for Amalia was practically unknown. She painted our own Alice Fisher Harcourt, and as one views replicas of some of these miniatures of royalty, highly prized, one recalls that a miniature of Donald Baker of South Sixth street was also painted by Mrs. Coudert, when Don was just a chap, for Mr. and Mrs. Harry Baker.

Memory of the talented artist came to those who viewed two free hand drawings, which are included in a bound volume of free hand drawings done in Wiley high school in 1876, which is in Fairbanks library. W. H. Wiley, the head of the schools had the pupils in the Saturday free hand drawing class and sent the 54 drawings to the centennial at Philadelphia.

Two handsome drawings of old castles, executed in a talented manner bear Amalia Kuessner's name, one that of her brother, Albert Kuessner, who died two years ago.

There was one by the late George Adolph Gagg, one by Leo Statz, Anna Mayo, Oscar Gagg, Frank Cooper, Anna Meyer, Anna Mayer, Hattie Paige, Harry Estabrook, George W. Parker, Mary Isabel Carler, Anton Huluman Sr. R. Thompson, C. A. Lang, Libbie Messmore, S. Austermliller, Adolph Burgerl.

It is interesting to note that Anton Hulman Sr. dated his sketch the 27 of January, 1876.

There are those who recall one day in January of 1882, when she called together a group of women from the best families at the home of Mrs. R. A. Morris for the purpose of organizing a society "for a thorough and systematic course in the study of art such as make out homes beautiful."

There came to this organization, Miss Sue Ball, Miss Henrietta Blake, Mrs. A. G. Blake, Mrs. Poebe Cook, Mrs. Demas Deming, Miss Sara B. Floyd, Mrs. Anna I. Gould, Miss Carrie Gould, Mrs. B. G. Hudnut, Mrs. Ed Heustis, Miss Kate Ijams, Mrs. R. G. Jenckes, Miss Louise Kuessner, Amalia's sister, Mrs. D. W. Minshall; Miss Helen Minshall, Mrs. William Mack, Mrs. L. B. Martin, Mrs. Mary Morris, Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mrs. Joseph Strong, Mrs. Marlon Tuell, Miss Margaret Tuell and Mrs. Stephen Young. Amalia Kuessner was the moving spirit of this group.

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Her first portrait was a silhouette made of Mrs. Pence's mother, and was a very creditable one. After she left Terre Haute, she never returned. She was sponsored in Europe by Mrs. Arthur Paget, a well-known woman in America and abroad.

Such was her early life. Terre Haute knew her as a little girl, and never lost sight of her when she had her first taste of fame. She was wed to Captain Charles Dupont Coudert of the British army in New York, after her return from South Africa, where she painted Cecil Rhodes. They lived in New York for several years and in 1914 they became residents of England.

Her gifts were recorded in home town papers. Terre Haute knew when his majesty, King Edward, presented her with a necklace of diamonds. She afterward sold it, to get money for wounded soldiers in Britain.

It may be that some 150 years from now, when questions are asked about some miniature of royalty as to who painted it, the reply must be that an American artist named Amalia Kussner, who once lived in Terre Haute, Indiana, of America, had done that miniature in the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

Thus do the famous people of Terre Haute who have traveled afar bring luster to the name of this city, even after years have fled, and their native habitat knows them no more. Mrs. Coudert, who is now gathered to her fathers, was the cousin of Allen Weinhardt of South Seventh street.



## New Panel of Twenty-five Men Accepted As Several Asked to Be Excused

From Service

The case against Dr. Jabez Casto was called in the circuit court this morning, but owing to the failure of the jury venire the case will probably hang several days before the real trial will have been begun. Dr. Casto is under indictment for attempted arson and the particulars of the case are too well known by the public to need rehearsal.

Last January a blaze was discovered in his drug store at Third and Main streets and after the fire department had extinguished the blaze and entered the place they discovered a well laid incendiary scheme, which was calculated to sweep the building with flames and, some way, to blow up the entire block sky high with dynamite. Casto was home in his bed and was immediately arrested. He claimed that it was an attempt by some enemy to ruin him, but Prosecutor Beal was of the opinion that the evidence was sufficient to hold the physician and he was accordingly indicted for arson.

When the case was called this morning three of the jurymen, Edward Haas, Theodore Price and William Armstrong had themselves excused on account of sickness in their families and for other reasons.

The defense asked a special venire of twenty-five men, which was allowed, but Judge Simpson overruled the motion for a reduction of Casto's bond, which is \$6,000.

## INJURED WHILE STEPPING FROM A CAR AGED MAN LUNGED FROM STEP

David Conover Fractured His Hip  
While Alighting From an East  
Main Street Car.

David Conover, aged 76, living with his daughter, Mrs. Hallie Padlock, at 655 Eagle street, stepped off a moving car yesterday at Sixteenth and Main streets and was thrown to the ground, sustaining a fracture of the right hip joint. Dr. Bell was summoned and the injured man was removed to the Union hospital. Owing to his advanced age, it is thought that he will be a cripple for the remainder of his life.

It seems that Mr. Conover was a passenger on car No. 106, in charge of Conductor McFarland and Motorman Brewster and just before reaching Sixteenth street Conover notified the conductor that he wished to get off there. The usual signal was given and the car was slowing down, when it is said that Conover lunched

## HUSBAND IS CAPT. COUDERT.

Member of Distinguished New York  
Family Wins the Heart of the Fa-

mous Artist.

July 5 1900

Mrs. Allen Pence received a telegram yesterday announcing the marriage of Miss Amelia Kussner, formerly of this city, and Captain Charles Coudert of the United States army, in New York, Tuesday evening, and stating that the bridal couple would leave today for Europe. Mrs. Pence states that the marriage was quite as much of a surprise to her as it was to anyone, as she had no intimation of the fact prior to receiving the telegram, and that, beyond the fact that Miss Kussner had known Captain Coudert for some time and that he had served in Cuba during the Spanish-American war, she knew nothing of the groom.

The New York World, in speaking of the marriage, says:

Miss Amelia Kussner, the celebrated painter of miniatures, was married to Capt. Charles du Pont Coudert, in the vestry of St. Patrick's Cathedral, last evening. The Rev. Father Daly officiated. Only the mothers of the bride and bridegroom, Mrs. Charles Coudert and Mrs. Kussner were present.

Young Capt. Coudert and his charming and accomplished wife will sail on the Majestic, today, for a honeymoon trip that will last two months.

Capt. Coudert, who is, perhaps twenty-eight years old, is the son of the late Charles Coudert, the distinguished lawyer, and also a nephew of Frederick R. Coudert.

Capt. Coudert was graduated from Columbia University and was admitted to the bar in 1898. He gained his military title in the Spanish war. President McKinley nominated him to be commissary with the rank of captain. He was on duty in Washington for a while but desired active service, and, at his own request, was sent to the Philippines where he served under Gen. Otis, and Brig. Gen. Hall and from where he returned last November.

Miss Kussner and Capt. Coudert have known each other for four years. They have been engaged to marry but a short time. They intended to marry this autumn but suddenly determined not to longer delay their happiness. So, with the elder Mrs. Coudert and Mrs. Kussner they went to the Cathedral yesterday and were made one.

Last autumn Miss Kussner added greatly to her reputation by making the long journey to South Africa to paint Cecil Rhodes' miniature.

When the miniature was nearly finished threatened hostilities compelled Rhodes to leave for Kimberly, where he was during the siege. Miss Kussner left Cape Town and came here via England.



## FAME IN TWO YEARS

### RAPID RISE OF A TERRE HAUTE GIRL AS AN ARTIST.

Miss Amella Kussner, Visiting Her Family  
in Chicago, Talks to a Reporter On  
Miniature Painting.

Miss Amella Kussner, high-priestess and pioneer of miniature painting in America, is now in Chicago visiting her family, says the Tribune of that city. She is acknowledged a peer in her art on two continents, and has received more substantial evidence of appreciation of her ability than mere applause.

Miss Kussner is a young girl in appearance scarcely out of her teens. It is hard to believe that one so young has already conquered fame and fortune and received the highest praise that can be bestowed, and yet be so democratic as she is. With the ease and finesse of a diplomat she carries one away from topic to topic, always avoiding the one subject—herself—until finally she laughingly admits she might as well talk of the one subject first as last, for she will be made to talk of her painting—not that she does not love the subject, but she is provokingly modest about her attainments.

#### SHE NEVER TOOK A LESSON.

"How did I begin? O, I just began because I knew I must do something, so I decided to paint miniatures, and the first one I painted was a success, artistically and financially."

"You studied with masters abroad?" was asked.

"No, nor at home. I never took a lesson in miniature painting in my life. It simply seems to belong to me as a natural inspiration. Others call it a divine gift, and to me it certainly seems so, for when Mrs. Theodore Havemeyer, who has lived so much abroad and never had any desire to be painted, declared on seeing my first work that I should paint her, I felt there was something in it.

"I feel as if the reporter were robbed of all working ground in my case, there being no years of diligent labor with various masters, followed by the usual attic residence where one invades the borderland of starvation and the final awakening of pity in the fates, for I neither studied nor starved in the attic, and I attacked the fates rather than sued for favor, and I won. Takes away the romance, doesn't it? But it leaves the substance just the same.

love to paint the Western women. They have an independent spirit that pleases me, and they pose with a freedom and abandon I can make much of. I care more for an interesting personality than beauty of feature, and when I am working my whole soul being—my soul and entity—is in those two inches of ivory.

#### ALL THE TALK AT SUMMER RESORTS.

"It has become a great fad, no doubt, for all other branches have been dropped out of discussion in comparison, and nothing was so much talked of at the resorts. At Newport this summer I was overwhelmed with work, and vacations are impossible for me in those places. I have just finished a miniature of Mrs. Cyrus H. McCormick; also of Mrs. W. S. Walker. Mrs. McCormick's blonde beauty made an excellent picture.

"Early in the spring I painted Lady Arthur Padget, daughter of Mrs. Paran Stevens, and when I go to London this fall I am engaged to paint the Princess of Wales and many other beautiful English women. I never paint from photographs, as do many of the profession, but entirely from life, oftentimes devoting one whole sitting to studying the personality of my subject. I love the flesh tints and the velvets and satins are never so beautiful as it, and this I am constantly impressing upon my sitters."

#### ARDOR AND GENIUS COMBINED.

With such ardor accompanying positive genius is it to be wondered at that this young girl, so gifted, should have attained her marvelous skill in the most difficult departure in all art? She follows no school. Her magnitude seems to vivify the life in the sitter and her own exquisite conception gathers what is best and most beautiful and gives it full expression. Her colors hint of the Orient in their richness, but blend like the harmonies in music.

A peculiarity noted by artists and critics is that her miniatures show more figure than any modern painter, and that the neck and bust are as expressive a portrait as the face. The lines lack the stiffness of the French painter and have a portrayal of life that is their chief charm.

Miss Kussner appeared in New York, by a peculiar coincidence, just with the revival of miniature painting in Paris two years ago. She came unheralded, with simply her first work and a letter of introduction to a wealthy and prominent patron of art. It is needless to add the work possessed merit, and since then Miss Kussner has become a synonym for everything superior in that line.

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Miss Amalia Kussner is going to Europe soon and may remain abroad a long time. Her fame as a miniaturist has extended to foreign countries and she will have no difficulty in securing orders from people of distinction and perhaps from royalty itself. The furor her work has caused in New York and in other Eastern cities is the talk of art circles. After the loan exhibition in New York last fall of portraits of distinguished women she raised the price for these portraits to \$600 and she has more orders than she can fill in the time remaining before she leaves the country. There are five of these portraits in this city, made years ago, before she went to New York.

Miss Kussner is a genius. That is she has talent and that chiefest attribute of what is commonly called genius—the infinite capacity for taking pains. She has always been a hard worker and never did she work harder than she has done since she became famous. Indeed she has worked too hard and the close application is beginning to tell on her health. Her physician has warned her. Not that she is in imminent danger of serious impairment of her health but that she may not continue the strain to that extent which would bring about grave results. When Miss Kussner lived here she was a hard worker. It is told of her that once she received an order from Chicago for several hundred hand-painted favors for a luncheon to be given by Mrs. John W. Doane, a society leader, and they were to be ready in three days. She worked eighteen hours a day to complete the order. In painting miniature portraits she is under a terrific strain, mentally and physically. She uses a powerful magnifying glass and the application is something few persons could endure longer than an hour at the time but with her hours are as but minutes so far as her reckoning is concerned.

Miss Kussner's success is the result of an evolutionary process and is wholly due to her own discernment. No teacher told her that she could paint miniature portraits better than any one else. She always had an æsthetic appreciation of color and form and in her earliest work over at St. Mary's she naturally chose subjects which brought into play this aptitude. Afterward when she began china painting the same love of figure designs manifested itself. When she

went to New York she had confidence that she could paint miniatures as no one had painted them for years. She had a letter of introduction to the wife of one of the Havemeyers, who are very wealthy and move in the best of New York's wealthy society. At Tiffany's she was told that if she could paint miniatures of the standard she had set for herself she would have more orders than she could fill.

An amusing story is told of her first order received through the Tiffany's. A lady called on her to make an appointment for a sitting. She had been given the name by Tiffany, and, as she afterwards told Miss Kussner, expected to meet a big, blonde German woman. When she was met by a petite brunette her conjecture was that the little woman was the business agent. Indeed she went back to Tiffany in doubt, but was assured that the petite brunette was the artist. Miss Kussner is a first class business woman and her business like conversation helped to confuse her caller. She also has tact of the highest order and in short is entitled to all the credit of her success. She discovered her own talent, developed it, comparatively without instruction, and made it profitable in a high degree with the best indications of still greater fame and profit.



Kussner, Amalia

AT FEBRUARY 9 1895

## MISS AMALIA KUSSNER.

Fame and Wealth Within Her Grasp.

Harpers' Bazar Devotes a Page to Her Miniatures.

An Interesting Account of This Terre Haute Girl.



HARPER'S Bazar, of the second instant devotes a page to Miss Amalia Kussner's introduction into New York and to her phenomenal

success as a miniature painter. Copies of her portraits of Mrs. Van Rensselaer, Cruger, Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, Mrs. Theodore A. Havemeyer, Mrs. Frank Tilford, Mrs. J. O. Armour, Mrs. Richard Townsend and Mrs. Charles Strong, all beautiful women, are given. At the head of the article is a very graceful, half tone picture of the talented artist. She is seated on a high backed wooden settee, wearing a plain, close, fitting dress, showing the lines of her symmetrical form. An Oriental figaro jacket, turned back in front completes the toilet.

Terre Haute people are always glad to hear of Miss Kussner's success and wish it distinctly understood by easterners that they recognized her talent, and were proud of it, some time before she left for New York. The following is the Bazar's article in full:

### A Modern Miniature Painter:

All lovers of the highest refinement in art are rejoicing over the recent restoration of miniature-painting after a decadence of more than fifty years. True appreciation of the beautiful has missed and unceasingly lamented it throughout the half century in which it has been practically among the lost arts. No other method of portraiture has been devised comparable with it in sentiment and poetic charm. An indescribable fascination radiates from the little vivid jeweled thing.

An art subtle enough this, to portray in space scarce larger than that of a precious stone a characterization of marvelous truthfulness. An art swift and light enough—if that feeling may be thus intelligibly expressed—to

seize in its flying the most elusive personality, and to perpetuate it, as the ruby holds a flame in its heart. In the masterpiece of the miniaturist's art is an indefinable spiritual element which apparently eludes the too solid grasp of the painter-in-large. And herein may possibly lie the secret of the irresistible magnetism of the painter-in-little.

The miniaturist, through some mysterious power of the magic craft, perceives and brings forth beauties of the spirit, thus adorning features which may seem plain seen through the medium of other art. The miniature-painter is the honest discoverer of beauty, not the ingenious creator of it. A miniature renders the finest artistic interpretation of the best in every face, an interpretation essentially truthful as well as beautiful, since truth is the highest idealization.

The first indications of a revival of miniature-painting came through the appearance of a few miniatures in the Paris Salon of two years ago. The art has always been highly appreciated in France; and the large number of specimens exhibited at the last Salon, and the interest and admiration excited by them, gave conclusive testimony concerning the rapid advance of the movement. The cause of it abroad is not apparent; but the awakening in New York was chiefly if not wholly due to the advent of Amalia Kussner, whose arrival, by a curious concurrence, coincides with the beginning of the miniature furor in France. The girl artist—two years ago scarcely more than a child—appeared unheralded.

Neither the art-world nor the realm of fashion, luxury, and wealth had ever heard Amalia Kussner's name. The story of her success reads like a romance. The only approach to it is the arrival of Angelica Kauffman in London, whereupon—so the chroniclers say—that sober old town straightway "run mad with paint." But Kauffman was already famous when she went to London, and her coming had been widely and loudly trumpeted in advance by the most powerful art-patronage of the day. Miss Kussner was unheard-of till she appeared in New York—without introduction or influence, as unexpectedly and mysteriously as Aphrodite from the foam of the sea—less than two years ago. Within that time she has painted an astonishing number of miniatures of the most prominent men and women of the country. Of late her brush has been almost monopolized by the highest fashion of New York. No feature of her work is more remarkable than the amount of it. Scores of miniatures within less than two years—when the old monks, who were the earliest miniaturists, often gave a year of patient labor to a single one. There is no vagueness in the spirited grace of her drawing. It is difficult, indeed, to define the peculiar charm of her painting, to point out its distinguishing characteristics, or to hazard a guess concerning the school. Certain qualities of chiar-oscuro, and

the deep rich feeling of color, hint the influence of eminent French masters. But there are conspicuous difference, especially in the soft spirit of her lines, which have none of the French angularity.

Some of her earliest miniatures are among the finest. A notable instance is the likeness of a popular singer, which flashes out with supreme radiance among all the dazzling gems of her art. It is a perfect picture of an exceedingly beautiful woman, and truth no less than beauty looks out from the encircling jewels—for a fiery tameless, spirit gleams through the exquisite flesh. Another, also painted in the artist's early career, is the miniature of a most lovely great lady, now ruling New York, less by might of grand wealth and exalted social position than by the spell of her gentle beauty. It beams like the moon in Miss Kussner's painting—so calm and pure—and is fittingly wreathed about with surperb pearls.

Conceding much to the divine gift, to the inborn power of the young artist, let it not be for a moment assumed that even she has found any royal road to fame. Could genius ever be truly defined as an infinite capacity for taking pains, this were certainly the case with miniature painting. The uninitiated cannot possibly conceive of the nerve and eye and brain toil represented by one of these tiny masterpieces. First comes the study of the personality, and Amalia Kussner often devotes an entire sitting to this without touching a brush. She paints entirely from life—and once the entity is grasped, the sketching in it is rapidly done. Then the painting, the actual labor begins. Not a stroke of all the innumerable strokes of the infinitesimally small brushes but must be made under a powerful magnifying-glass. Each gossamer touch must also be no less sure than delicate; for the fragile little ivory shield into which the warm colors melt, as harmonies blend in

music, may be ruinously jarred by a single false note.

Miss Kussner's studio is in miniature, like herself, like her art. The walls are hung with some crinkled Eastern stuff of cream white dashed and lightened with tracery of gold. Here and there are tints of pale green, and the artist's studio gowns are soft lustrous satins of the same harmonious hues. Throughout, her apartments maintain the same tones of cream, gold, and green, with a daintiness befitting the environment of the high-priestess of the daintiest of arts. One corner of the studio is draped in silk of a deeper green and dull blue, against which the sitter is posed.

Strangely enough, Amalia Kussner's star began to rise with the panic, during the distressful summer of '93. Soon after her arrival she received a letter of introduction to a New York woman of wealth, social importance, and artistic

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appreciation. Through this letter the miniature artist hoped to find the key to that charmed circle within which art so costly as hers could alone expect success. For, like the precious stone which its radiance suggests, the miniature must ever remain an inseparable accessory of riches, of luxury and culture. "If I could only reach them," the artist sighed: "if they would but allow me to show them what I could do!"

"Don't expect too much from the letter," was the caution given by a friend "that lady is the most exclusive woman in New York—quite the hardest to meet—as well as one of the most influential. Could you get her interest in your work, your reputation would be made. But don't look for it. Most likely you will never see her at all."

Nevertheless the artist took her miniature—and her courage—in both hands, and went to the house on Madison Avenue to present the fateful letter. The lady's maid came down with the message the artist was dreading. The lady was not well, and consequently could not receive Miss Kussner, but would examine the miniature. It goes without saying that the picture was sent to her, but Amalia Kussner saw it go with a bitter pang. The disappointment that she had been warned against, and for which she believed herself prepared, fell upon her now with crushing force. It was almost more than she could bear, and she sat waiting the maid's return in sadness that was near despair. But when she did come, how the little miniature's sinking heart leaped! For the maid brought an invitation—the lady would see her, in her own room. And when Amalia Kussner crossed the threshold of my lady's chamber, Fate touched Fortune's wheel, turning then, has ever since gone up.

Among Miss Kussner's notable portraits of men are those of General Strong, Mr. William L. Scott, and Mr. G. P. Morosini. The last-named gentleman, a recognized art-connoisseur, thoroughly acquainted with the finest foreign work, found her first miniature of himself so satisfactory that another has been painted since. Miss Kussner may go abroad in the early spring.



says the New York World. It is a room where there are delicate hangings of white and gold, a few exquisite little paintings of the French school, the little table where the artist works, and some chairs and cushions of the prevailing diminutive and dainty type.

Among these almost fragile surroundings the little artist works away with an enthusiasm which is vast in proportion to the tininess of her subject.

"How did I happen to become a miniature painter instead of a painter of landscape or portraits or something else?" said she, carefully wrapping a half-finished picture of a young society belle in tissue paper. "Well, I hardly know. I had always liked drawing from life models while I was only a student, and my talents seemed to lie in the way of portraiture. But it was not until a French miniaturist—a relative of Millet, by the way—saw some of my work and told me that my pathway to glory lay in miniature painting, that I thought seriously of it. Then I began, and I have been successful beyond my hopes."

It is not hard to guess the secret of Miss Kussner's success when one sees her work, which is beautifully delicate and conscientious to the minutest detail. It is such lovely work that Lillian Rho has rather a fondness for having her fair face reproduced, has pronounced Miss Kussner's miniatures more completely satisfactory than any she has ever had—and Miss Russell has had miniatures from Boucher.

"I didn't know any one of note in New York," Miss Kussner went on, with a naive and surprised enjoyment in her success. "I came without even introductions. But I had one or two examples of my work, and I took them boldly to some of the New York jewellers. I showed my samples and asked them if they would mention me when any of their customers inquired for miniature painters. Of course they were a bit shy about doing so; they had sometimes got into trouble by recommending artists with whose work their customers were not satisfied. But finally it was arranged that they should simply give my name and address. That"—and Miss Kussner stopped to laugh—"was last fall. Now I have so much work to do that I don't see how it's ever all to be done. And as for income, why, do you know that I can make as much as a United States senator?—that is, as much as his salary," she added wickedly. (Mem.: The salary of a United States senator is \$5,000 a year.)

Miss Kussner's painting is done on ivory, round and oval, varying from the size of a quarter to circles almost as big as a saucer. They are very thin pieces

of ivory, and they are securely mounted on thin board. Upon these Miss Kussner begins work. The tiniest of brushes, that have a ridiculously fairy-like appearance, are used and the most delicate colors. She is relentless in the matter of sittings, and she will not allow a piece of work to leave her studio until she is as nearly satisfied with it as an artist ever is with anything.

Already she has numbered among her sitters a great many social and dramatic luminaries. Lillian Russell, in her admiration for the little artist's work, has had three miniatures made this winter. Marie Tempest has indulged in two. Besides these there have been many orders from the non-professional beauties, and some from those who are neither professional nor particularly beautiful. This refers to Miss Kussner's masculine sitters, of whom she had quite a number generally gentlemen bristling with orders and decorations, whose families have induced them to sit for this lasting form of portraiture.

The coloring of Miss Kussner's pictures is exquisitely life-like and delicate. She poses her sitters in gowns of the delicate but distinct hues that lend themselves to reproduction most readily. She seems to have a happy faculty of catching not only the tints of the complexion, but the lights and shadows of the hair, the expression of the eyes, the turn of the neck, until the whole seems to glow with warmth and life. But, for all this, she very generously gives her material credit.

"It is so much more satisfactory to paint on ivory than on canvas," she says. "It has a sort of natural warmth and softness that glows through the colors and makes the tints alive and real."

And this young woman, whose work competent critics say is equal to the best French miniaturists of the day in its delicacy, accuracy and strength, is such a youthful looking person that one sceptical woman had to be presented with proofs before she would believe that the petite, vivacious hostess who welcomed her at the studio was the artist whose exquisite and exact work was being talked about.

## HAS A SENATOR'S INCOME.

The Charming Personality and Dainty Work of Miss Amalie Kussner the Miniature Painter.

## A TERRE HAUTE GIRL'S SUCCESS.

Lillian Russell and Marie Tempest Have Repeatedly Sat for Portraits By Her.

A strong sense of the eternal fitness of things, as well as the irrepressible promptings of natural gifts, must have influenced Miss Amalie Kussner to become a miniature portrait painter. She is herself the tiniest of women, and everything about her and her belongings is on a miniature scale in size and daintiness.

Miss Kussner's studio is a pretty little place, in which the larger members of society have a feeling not unlike that attributed to a bull in a china shop,

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# TERRE HAUTE WOMAN CONQUERED BY ART

Girlish Pleasures and Social As-  
pirations of Amalia Kussner  
Fail to Hide Genius.  
PAINTER OF MINIATURES

First Exhibits Attract Attention  
of Expert Who Saw Great  
Future For Her.

SUN ST 12/4/1904

Several years ago the old Naylor opera house was packed with the gaily attired and exuberant throng which is characteristic of the commencement exercises the wide world over. There were the smiles and the laughter, the merriment and the music, the perfume of the flowers, the rustle of dresses—the half assumed solemnity which no one feels. And on the stage sat the graduates. Ah, the wonderful sense of promise, the deep set purpose, the high resolve—and, oh! the irony of the passing years. The young men and women proceeded to solve the problems of time and of eternity with the charming complacency characteristic of the bud time.

At length one young girl, daintily attired, and artistically, too—beautiful, sweet, altogether charming, with eyes peculiarly soulful, the fairest flower of them all—stepped to the front to deliver her message to the expectant world. She passed over the poets, the philosophers, the problems, and gave an essay that in the light of her after life is laden with wonderful meaning.

"Money Lost, nothing lost; Honor Lost, much lost; Courage Lost, all lost."

It was the old message of Goethe. The sweet girl graduate expanded upon the idea earnestly; delivered her message artistically. The great crowd unknowingly stood in the presence of one of the artistic geniuses of her generation. And any one familiar with the relations of the years that were before her would have sworn that she had intuitive insight into the future, was outlining her plan of battle, with this plan of battle that she fought and attained the heights.

Courage—courage—and always courage. There was perfect silence in the house. And when she closed there was an ovation for Amalia Kussner.

Not so long ago the American artist after having made a profound impression upon the highest circles of New York society by the perfection of her miniature painting, turned to foreign fields. The public prints told of her departure and her voyage—her first voyage upon the sea; of how the girlish artist sat on the deck in a drenching rain, consumed by the fever of her genius, and her dreams of royalty were forced to bow the head in the presence of her art; of how she was taken in tow by the leaders of the ultra fashionable in London and introduced to royalty and its satellites; of how the present king sat for her and pronounced the miniature the most wonderful in his possession. The press has told us of the days she spent in the royal palace at St. Petersburg, painting the pictures of the czar and czarina of the realm; of how Cecil Rhodes—gloomy, silent, taciturn—who had always refused the request of artists, looked upon the beautiful, dashing American woman with the fire of genius in her eyes, and succumbed; of how dukes, duchesses, lords and ladies, kings and queens, actors and actresses, writers, high-livers, the strong and the dainty have sat for the woman—the Terre Haute woman—who sailed away one dreary winter day.

"And in what school did you study," asked the delighted president of the Royal academy in London.

Perhaps she studied some right here in the city on the Wabash. Let us pry into the matter a little.

## AT ST. MARY'S OF THE WOODS.

We will not invade the nursery, but will just assume that her babyhood was much after the fashion of all other babies the whole world over. But like most people of genius she was wonderfully precocious. The records of St. Mary's will likely show that the great miniature painter was the youngest student ever enrolled in that venerable institution. When she was scarcely

more than six years old her parents decided to send her to St. Mary's of the Woods. When the day came for the little 6-year-old miss to break the home ties for a season and leave for the quaint and beautiful village of St. Mary's, she disappeared for a moment from the family group and emerged from her play room a moment later holding tightly to her favorite dolls and cook stove. Just fancy the brilliant painter of exquisitely refined miniatures carrying a cook stove over to St. Mary's. Here within the ancient walls of this venerable institution, hal- lowed by romance and memories, the child spent two years in study. And here she for the first time had her attention turned to art. It is a common observation among those who have known her long, that she seems to have been born with a fondness for the beautiful. It is quite possible that the two years spent in the study of drawing within the walls of St. Mary's by this 6-year-old tot marked the beginning of her ambition. Here she gave unusual promise. Under the skilled instruction of Sister Maurice, who died at St. Mary's only a few years ago, she made remarkable progress, and when after two years of study she left the quaint village and the stately institution and the sweet-faced sisters, it is probable that her genius had taken possession of her—the genius that did not let her rest, but gnawed away until she finally surrendered.

## IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

After leaving St. Mary's she entered the public schools and continued to attend until her graduation from the high school on June 24, 1881. During her school days it was whispered about that the little girl who carried her cook

stove to St. Mary's had talent far beyond the ordinary in drawing and painting, and there were many who took the matter seriously—all but Amalia. There was nothing to indicate that she appreciated the possibilities that lay before her. Now and then she would dash off a sketch that bore a remarkable resemblance to the subject and then crumple it up lightly and toss it into the waste basket. Every now and then she would try her hand at painting. But at no time up to the day of her graduation did she impress her companions as a dreamer. There was nothing morbid in her makeup. She did not have the distorted fancies of the Russian artist who wrote the diary of her impressions. She was a girlish girl.

Had anyone paid a visit to the high school in those days they might have had their attention called to one girl in the room by the sweetness and beauty of her face, her winning ways, or her vivacity, exuberance, energy in these

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pursuit of fun. She was small in stature, slender, graceful and pretty. She was all animation, full of life—the cup running over with the wine of living. She could recite whenever occasion called like a trained elocutionist, although she never took lessons. She could sing winningly and was in great demand though she made no pretensions as a vocalist. She could draw as could no other girl in Terre Haute—though she made no claims and owned to no ambitions. She was simply a girlish girl, the sunniest creation beneath the sun. The girls liked her because she was not afraid to lead them in the pursuit of girlish fun. She was a prime favorite among the boys because she had a winning face and was brimful of vivacity, witty, unconsciously fascinating. And so she drifted along like any other girl during the four years she was in the high school.

"Amalia Kussner? Why, certainly I remember her," said Superintendent Wiley, when asked of her school days. "She was a beautiful girl with a charming face, a fun-loving disposition, and faithful in her studies. She

ranked a little above the average in her work."

Among those who went through the high school with her were Crawford McKee, Mrs. Ella Adams Moore, now instructor in the University of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. George A. Scott, the local attorney; and Elizabeth Solomon, a teacher in the Terre Haute schools.

#### GENIUS AND HER FUTURE.

After her graduation her future was hazy, uncertain. She possessed the genius—the genius did not as yet possess her. The bud was there—it required circumstance to bring the blossom. Looking upon the apparently girl of genius drifting along upon the prosaic currents of the commonplace, seemingly unconcerned with the future, and bent on pleasure, one might have thought of the lines of the poet, "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air."

In those days Amalia Kussner lived with her parents in the "Old Curiosity Shop" on Ohio street, across from the court house. The building has been allowed to degenerate because of the apparent lack of appreciation of the possibilities of the building by the people of the city. In the days when Amalia Kussner whiled away the hours with her paint brush and pencil, the old bank building was charming to the eye.

Immediately west of it in those days stood a building used by a music firm, and the second floor was beautifully furnished as a drawing room. A stage had been erected for concert purposes

and this was not infrequently utilized for amateur theatricals. There are many here today who will remember when Amalia Kussner, looking peculiarly catchy and charming and coquetish, too, in her brother's clothes, was wont to sing a song entitled, "Courting in the Rain." Her voice was not adapted for serious concert work, but it was just the thing for this little song and many times she was compelled to repeat it. She was a fine elocutionist and took parts in at least two of the plays presented in this old draw-

ing room, "A Bunch of Keys," and "One Must Get Married."

These embryo efforts—be it understood—were not made because of a faint ambition to shine behind the footlights. It was just fun-loving Amalia Kussner looking for fun.

Alas! the irony of years. The old home looks like a junk shop now. The old music hall that once resounded with merriment and music, and in which the greatest miniature painter of the age sang "Courting in the Rain" is now the home of a business enterprise. Thus pass away the glories of the world.

Still the genius of art was not wholly able to throw off the duty Nature had placed upon her. One year after her graduation Miss Kussner became a member of an organization in this city formed for the development of the artistic.

#### TRAINING IN THE ARTISTIC.

One dreary winter day in January, 1882, several of the most artistically inclined women of Terre Haute met at the residence of Mrs. R. A. Morris for the purpose of organizing a society for "a thorough and systematic course of study in art work, such as shall make our homes beautiful." The eternal feminine thus asserted itself in the love of the beautiful, and the association dedicated to a purpose so consistent with the ambition of every womanly woman became a brilliant success. As the intention of the society became better known, the membership was augmented by additions from the most prominent families of the city and its success was assured. For more than ten years the women of the society met regularly. We may be assured that there was the delightfully absurd discussion of the fashions along with the criticism of the poets and painters, but if the records, still extant, tell a true tale, there was a true love of the beautiful—a true artistic passion behind the women who made up the artistic company. The poets were studied. The painters were criticised. The artistic development of the American people came in for its share of attention. The entertainments

the host were described with an enthusiasm suggestive of charming times. And every now and then a name is mentioned, without italics, but somehow strangely interesting—the name of Amalia Kussner. We learn that on such and such a date she read a paper on some artistic subject. At this, that, or the other reception we are told that her display of work was "the most artistic on exhibition." But when we close the records, delicately traced in a feminine chirography, they fail to entirely satisfy our curiosity. What was to become of the one woman whose work always called forth unusual praise?

This society associated with the early artistic career of the great painter numbered among its members the following women prominent in the social and artistic life of the community: Miss Sue Ball, Miss Henrietta Blake, Mrs. A. G. Blake, Mrs. Phoebe Cook, Mrs. Demas Deming, Miss Sara B. Floyd, Mrs. Anna J. Gould, Miss Carrie Gould, Mrs. B. G. Hudnut, Mrs. Ed. Heustis, Miss Kate Ijams, Mrs. R. G. Jenckes, Miss Louise Kussner, Mrs. D. W. Minshall, Miss Helen Minshall, Mrs. William Mack, Mrs. L. B. Martin, Mrs. Mary Morris, Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mrs. Joseph Strong, Mrs. Marion Tuell, Miss Margaret Tuell and Mrs. Dr. Young.

In the account of one of the public receptions of the society we learn that the coming artist exhibited a bunch of heliotrope, a peasant girl holding a jug, a spray of roses done in water colors, a vase decorated with apple blossoms, a plaque with yellow roses painted on it, a music portfolio decorated with painted popples.

#### THE ARTIST AT WORK.

Thus it will be seen the artist in the woman was constantly at work. The woman who had genius was gradually being conquered by it. Little by little during her Terre Haute days she was yielding to it. In the home of Mrs. Dr. Pence one may see today the first painting moulded in human form that was ever done by Amalia Kussner. It is a pitcher decoration, "Hager in the Desert." There is perfection in the

moulding of the bare arms, perfection in the arrangement of the draperies. There is genius in the painting.

The first drawing of a head was done in a spirit of hilarity—just as any Terre Haute girl of today might try her hand at a silhouette. It was of the head of Mrs. Pence's mother, and though somewhat crudely done was an excellent likeness. The future was creeping in. The woman was yielding always to the artist.

One year the women of the Episcopal church gave what they termed a loan exhibit of art work. It



and wealth  
at the home of Mr. Hussey. Among the guests was Samuel Early, who had traveled extensively and had added to a natural taste for art the training in judgment which comes from having visited the galleries of Europe. He walked about looking at the articles on exhibition until he reached a pad of sleeve buttons on which the artist had painted cherubs. Here he paused, surprised. He examined them carefully and with the eye of a connoisseur.

"Whose work is this?" he asked.

"Amalia Kussner's," was the reply.

"Well, Amalia Kussner will make a mark in the world. That work is wonderful."

These stories naturally reached the artist. Such encouragement is to reluctant genius what the sunshine and the rain are to the buried seed. At any rate she devoted more and more time to her art. She painted on china and presented her work to her family and friends.

Still the woman was struggling with the artist. She loved society. And she was ideally suited for the gay swirl of social dissipation. With her vivacity, her cleverness, her beauty, her accomplishments, she would have adorned any society in the world. She knew how to dress—it was the artist in the woman. Slender, dainty, graceful—moulded by nature for a picture—she was a beautiful woman. And she was one of the most exquisite dancers that ever glided over a ball-room floor in Terre Haute. With her wonderfully expressive black eyes, her exquisite grace, her tiny feet, she was

on the ball room floor the every poetry of motion. No wonder the woman fought hard against the conquest of the artist.

But the time came to surrender. One day she suddenly decided to go to New York City and enter the boarding school of Madame De Silva and Mrs. Bradford. Once there she determined upon a course of study in an art school, too. Without notifying her family of her determination she matriculated and then sent them word. Thus the woman yielded to the artist. Thus genius won the long-drawn battle. Thus the world was given the greatest miniature painter of the time. Thus the artistic world once more drew on Terre Haute for raw material.

It would be a reflection upon the reader to give a detailed account of the wonderful triumphs of this wonderful woman who went from Terre Haute to conquer the artistic world and won. Her patrons are the crowned heads, the proudest names in the titled nobility, the most prominent in the aristocracy

of intellect and wealth. The first society woman who sat for her was Mrs. Theodore Havemeyer. Her sponsor in England was no less a personage than Mrs. Arthur Paget, the leader of the most exclusive English society. Her first subject was Lillian Russell, the actress, who was prevailed upon to sit for her by another Terre Haute woman who has attained the highest artistic success—Alice Fischer.

The old home of Amalia Kussner is crumbling in neglect. The old companions of the old days are scattered to the four winds. The old music hall in which she sang and acted is sadly commercialized. The old society in which she was a member has long since disbanded. The old town has felt the thrill of a new life, and throwing off the old lethargy is forging to the front. Nor is the old town unmindful of the honor of having been the early home of the greatest miniature painter of the time.

A hundred years pass. We are in the private apartments of a king. The proud ruler takes up a dainty, exquisite miniature and looks at it intently. Handing it to Count Puffe-dup, he remarks—

"It is my mother."

"And who painted it?" asks the count.

"Amalia Kussner—an American artist. She lived in a place called Terre Haute in the last quarter of the nineteenth century."

At least it will be pleasant to think of the scene as possible.





A Favorite Picture Of Miss Kussner



One Of The Artist's Latest Pictures.





Amalia Kussner At Twelve.



Amalia Kussner's Early Terre Haute Home.





Little Amalia With Her Father.



The Artist Is Artistic In Her Own Poses.